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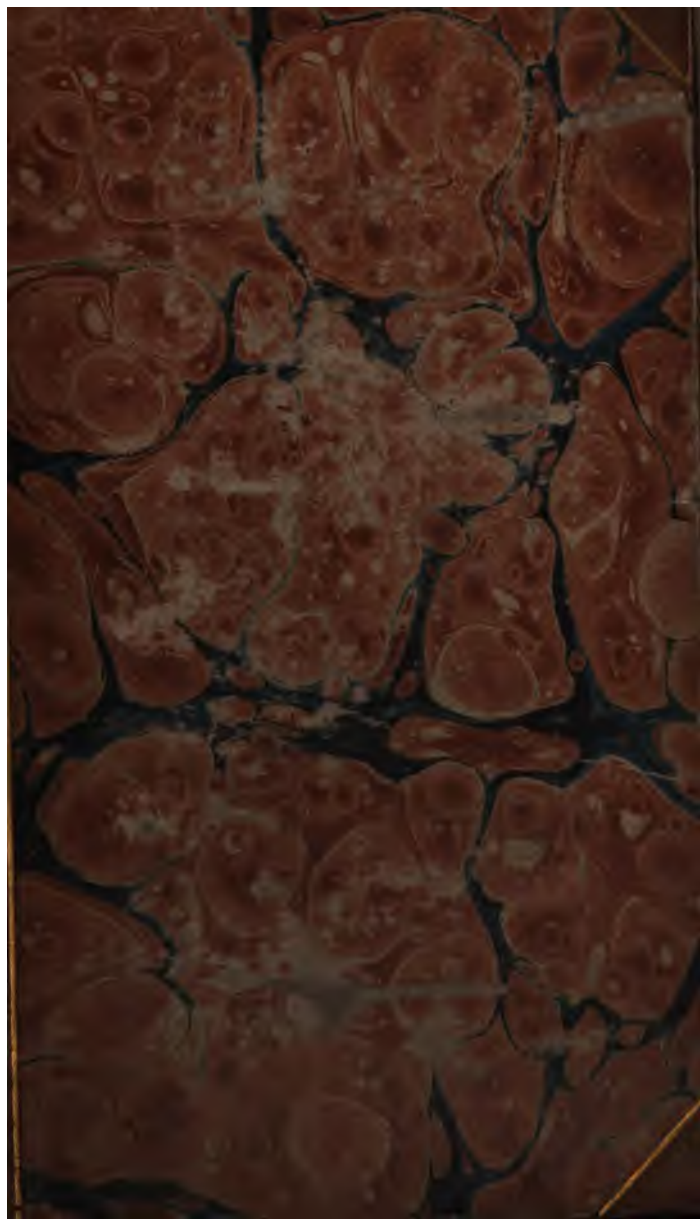
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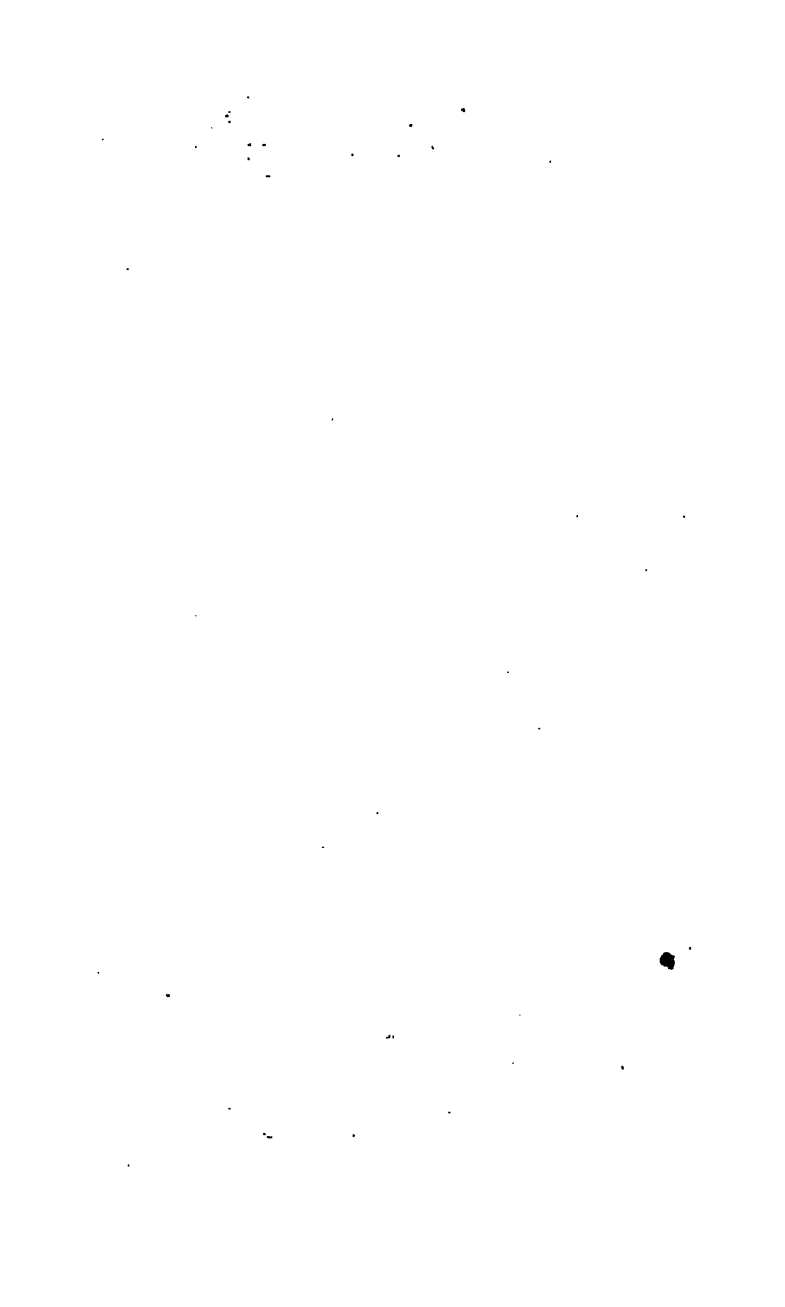
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Thomas Vincent

VOLTAIRIANA.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Selected and Translated from the French

BY

MARY JULIA YOUNG,

Author of *Donalda, or The Witches of Glenshiel*;
Moss Cliff Abbey; Right and Wrong, &c.

VOLUME II.

— Les hommes avaient tort de juger d'un tout,
dont ils n'apercevaient que la plus petite partie.

VOLTAIRE.

LONDON:

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CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1805.



VOLTAIRIANA.

I. M. TURGOT.

THE commencement of the reign of Louis XVI. gave hopes to Voltaire which before he scarcely dared to form. M. Turgot, whom he knew to be a man of extraordinary genius, was called into the administration. He knew that to every species of science M. Turgot united a soul zealous for truth and the happiness of mankind; that he possessed fortitude which was above being intimidated, and a nobleness of character that disdained duplicity and narrow prejudices, particularly those of bigotry, which had been so destructive to the human race.

Voltaire foresaw the rapid fall of persecution which had so long triumphed over the people of France from the tyranny of fanaticism and the pride and indolence of men in offices.

The country of Gex, which, like too many countries of France, had been greatly oppressed by the rapacity of the farmers-general, was relieved from the yoke beneath which they had so long bent by the perseverance of Voltaire and the humanity of M. Turgot, on condition of paying thirty thousand livres. On this release Voltaire parodied a line of Mithridates:

Et mes derniers regards ont vu fuir les commis.

Voltaire wished to remove also the oppressions so hard to be sustained by the poor peasants of Mount Jura, but his wishes and endeavours were ineffectual in that, as they were to obtain for the exiled D'Etalonde, and the memory of the unfortunate Chevalier de la Barre, that justice which both the humanity and honor of the nation

mutually required. These favors were not in M. Turgot's department of the finances; and the superiority of his talents, his justice, and the excellence of his character had raised enemies against him among the other ministers, as well as among the intriguing subalterns in office, who, not finding in him any ambitious or interested projects to oppose, resolved to counteract all his just and beneficent designs to the utmost of their power.

No opposition could induce M. Turgot to abandon his just and humane operations in order to lessen the burthen of the people without injuring the revenue, but he could only succeed for the little Pays de Gex, separated from France by mountains, and sheltering itself, on the borders of Switzerland, from the feudal and monkish tyranny to which the larger countries of France were compelled to submit. The monks assumed the authority of sequestrating the lands of widows and orphans on the slightest pretences, while poverty denied the oppressed families the benefit of legal justice; and the

remains of feudal power forced the poor to labour without pay sufficient to maintain them ; and the imposts on those who held a morsel of land deprived them too frequently of the cattle necessary for its cultivation. Thus was desolation spread over the country.

These evils were in some measure softened by the excellent management of M. Turgot. He also relieved the proprietors of grain and wine from several oppressions, and took every means in his power to accelerate the progress of agriculture ; and by encouraging the industry of the people, increased the national wealth.

To remove imposts which crushed the poor to the earth, and to lay them on the rich who scarcely felt them ; to check the rapid course of law-suits to many who possessed sufficient wealth to support them, too lucrative, while the harrassed slaves of penury sunk beneath their heavy pressure, was a conduct which alarmed the selfish and interested persons in power, and precipitated the fall of a minister, who, possessing

a most benevolent heart and a truly patriotic spirit, had boldly proved himself the friend of an injured people, and *disinterestedly just* to his king.

The enemies of philanthropy and M. Turgot prevailed; the protector of mankind was disgraced, and oppression triumphed. The high-raised hopes of Voltaire fell with M. Turgot; he had flattered himself that bigotry, superstition, and all the narrow prejudices which had so long infected the minds of those who chiefly governed in France, would have yielded to a minister so just and humane as M. Turgot.

Charmed with the progress which this excellent man had made in the cause of liberty and justice, Voltaire, when at Paris, extolled him in his discourse as an example of perfection to all those who exclaimed against the depravity of the age. When in company with M. Turgot he has grasped his hands, bathed them with the tears of sensibility, and cried with a voice interrupted by his emotion, " Let me—let me kiss the hand which would secure the happi-

ness of the people." When he heard of his dismissal from his high office, Voltaire was with the Abbé de Lille, famous for his translation of the Georgics ; and knowing the sincere attachment which subsisted between the Abbé and M. Turgot, he addressed him in a quotation from the 24th Ode of Horace to Virgil, on the death of Quintilius :

*Multis ille bonis, flebilis occidit ;
Nulli flebilior, quam tibi, Virgili !*

He is grieved for by many good men, but none can grieve more for him than thou, Virgil!

This address from Voltaire was the more applicable, as he generally called De Lille the Virgil of France.

II. MADAME POURRA.

This lady was the wife of a banker at Lyons, and being in company with Voltaire, when he had passed his eightieth year, after expressing the interest she took in his health

in a very enchanting manner, playfully changed her tone of voice to the imperious, and commanded him to be particularly careful of himself, Voltaire answered her by the following

IMPROMPTU.

Vous voulez arrêter mon ame fugitive :
 Ah ! Madame, je le crois bien,
 De tout ce qu'on possède on ne vent perdre rien,
 On veut que son esclave vive.

Translated by M. J. Young.

Ah! to arrest my fleeting soul
 You this injunction give,
 As most, their property to keep,
 Will bid their vassals live.

III. IMPROVEMENT OF THE LANGUAGE.

At a meeting of the Academy Voltaire complained of the poverty of the French tongue, and proposed to the members enriching it with words superior in expression

and elegance to many others generally used.

“ For our language,” continued the Poet of Ferney, “ is a proud beggar whom we must strive to enrich in spite of herself.”

III. THE DUKE AND THE TURKEY.

One day when Voltaire was sitting with the Duke de Richelieu, that nobleman wrote a billet to Madame de la Popélinière, informing her that it was accompanied by a turkey with garlic, which he entreated she would permit him to partake with her at supper that evening. While his Grace was giving orders to his servant, Voltaire, with a quickness peculiar to himself, added the following lines to the duke's billet :

Un dindon tout a l'ail, un Seigneur tout a l'ambre,
 A souper vous sont destinés :
 On doit, quand Richelieu paroît dans une chambre,
 Bien defendre son cœur, et bien boucher son nez.

Translated by M. J. Young.

A turkey with garlick, a Duke all perfume,
 Will be with you before you repose ;
 But when duke and turkey shall enter the room,
 Guard your heart well, and well stop your nose.

IV. THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO M. DE
 VOLTAIRE.

The following epistle, written after his majesty's defeat at Kolin, has been mentioned in the first volume of these Selections, and some lines quoted from it, the *whole*, with an elegant translation by John Gilbert Cooper, no doubt will be acceptable to the reader.

Epistle written in the year 1757.

Croyez si j'étois, Voltaire,
 Particulier aujourd'hui,
 Me contentant du necessaire,
 Je verrois envoler la fortune legere,

Et m'en moquerois come lui.
 Je connois l'ennui des grandeurs,
 Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flatteurs,
 Et tout l'amas des petitesesses,
 Et leurs genres, et leurs especes,
 Dont il faut s'occuper dans le sein des honneurs,
 Je meprise la vaine gloire,
 Quoique poete et souverain,
 Quand du ciseaux fatal retranchant mon destin
 Atropos m'aura vu plonge dans la nuit noire.
 Que m'emporte l'honneur incertain
 De vivre apres ma mort au temple de memoire;
 Un instant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans l'histoire.
 Nos destins sont ils donc si beaux ?
 Le doux plaisir et la Mollesse,
 La vive et naïve Allegresse
 Ont toujours fui des grands, la pompe, et les faisceaux,
 Nes pour la liberté leurs troupes enchantresses,
 Preferent l'aimable paresse,
 Aux austeres devoirs guides de nos travaux.
 Aussi la fortune volage
 N'a jamais causé mes ennuis,
 Soit qu'elle m'agace ; ou qu'elle m'outrage,
 Je dormirai tout les nuits,
 En lui refusant mon hommage.
 Mais notre etat nous fait loi,
 Il nous oblige, il nous engage
 A mesurer notre courage,
 Sur ce qu'exige notre emploi.
 Voltaire dans son hermitage,
 Dans un païs dont l'heritage,

Et son antique bonne foi,
 Peut s'adonner en paix a la vertu du sage,
 Dont Platon nous marque la loi.
 Pour moi menacé du naufrage,
 Je doit, en affrontant l'orage
 Penser, vivre, et mourir en roi.

Translation by J. G. Cooper, Esq.

Voltaire, believe me, were I now
 In private life's calm station plac'd,
 Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,
 With cold indifference would I view
 Changing fortune's winged haste,
 And laugh at her caprice like you.
 Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
 Imperial duty's real weight,
 The faithless courtier's supple bow,
 The fickle multitude's caress,
 And the great vulgar's littleness,
 By long experience well I know:
 And, though a prince and poet born,
 Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
 For when the ruthless shears of fate
 Have cut my life's precarious thread,
 And rank me with th' unconscious dead,
 What will 't avail that I *was* great,

Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame
 In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name ?
 One blissful moment whilst we live
 Weighs more than ages of renown ;
 What then do potentates receive
 Of good peculiarly their own ?
 Sweet ease and unaffected joy,
 Domestic peace and sportive pleasure
 The regal throne and palace fly,
 And, born for liberty, prefer
 Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure
 To what we monarchs buy so dear,
 The thorny pomp of sceptre'd care.
 My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
 On fickle fortune's casual flight ;
 For whether she's my foe or friend,
 In calm repose I'll pass the night ;
 And ne'er by watchful homage own
 I court her smile or fear her frown.
 But from our stations we derive
 Unerring precepts how to live,
 And certain deeds each rank calls forth
 By which is measur'd human worth.
 Voltaire within his private cells
 In realms where ancient honesty
 Is patrimonial property,
 And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,
 May give up all his peace of mind,
 Guided by Plato's deathless page,
 In silent solitude resign'd
 To the mild virtues of a sage ;

But I, 'gainst whom the whirlwinds wage
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
In thought, in life, in death a king.

V. THE COUNT DE LALLI.

The indignation of Voltaire was greatly excited by the conduct of France against the unfortunate Count de Lalli. The lawyers of Paris sat in judgement on the behaviour of a general who was in the East Indies! they passed sentence of death on him without *positive proof* of a single crime, but merely the testimony of his declared enemies, and the contradictory memorials of a Jesuit who confused himself by his hatred to the enemies of the general and the unhappy man himself. The dark-minded Jesuit knew not which he hated most, or whose ruin would be most convenient to him; his decision fell at last on the Count de Lalli; judgment was pronounced, and

the unfortunate victim of malice was condemned and executed without being permitted to plead in his defence; an instance of barbarous injustice which ought to have roused every friend to humanity and legal justice.

Yet such was the timidity of the people, that Voltaire for some time was the only person who had courage to exclaim against the enormity of the proceedings in regard to Lalli. The numbers employed by the East India Company, who were interested in throwing the fatal consequences of their own faulty conduct on one who no longer existed to recriminate; the powerful tribunal which had condemned him, and the many, whose interests were so intertwined with the above-mentioned, that they united in the same cause; and even the administration, ashamed of the cruel policy of sacrificing the Count de Lalli, in hopes of concealing in his grave the errors through which India had been lost to France, all combined in opposing even a tardy justice. Yet did the persevering Voltaire, by re-

iterated attacks upon the same object, triumph over prejudice; and when the son of the hapless Count de Lalli had attained an age at which he could appeal for justice, the minds of the people were prepared to approve of his attempt, and he had many friends to solicit in his behalf.

When Voltaire was almost dying, twelve years after the fatal sentence had been pronounced, when he was informed of its repeal, the tidings seemed to renovate him. He exclaimed with joy, " I die contented; I see that the king loves justice!" This expression was the last which was traced upon paper by the hand of Voltaire; *that hand* which had so long supported the cause of humanity and justice. The son of the unfortunate Count de Lalli distinguished himself both for eloquence and courage.

VI. THE YOUNG PARALYTIC.

When M. de Voltaire was at Colmar, a son of the president, M. Klinglin, lost the use of his legs by a stroke of the palsy; he was a most beautiful child, and when Voltaire visited the president, and beheld the blooming little cripple, he could not help exclaiming, " Good heaven! it is the bust of Cupid on the body of Lazarus!"

VII. THE NOCTURNAL WRITING-DESK.

The following account of this desk is taken from a miscellaneous publication of repute, in which it appeared some years back.

" To the Editor.

" SIR,

" I have been much surprised that a remarkable anecdote relative to the celebrated

Voltaire has never appeared in print. I was at Ferney when the following accident happened, and can therefore certify the truth of it.

“ Every person who visited Ferney during the life of Voltaire must know that he had a curious writing-desk hanging within the curtains of his bed. Besides the apparatus for writing, the desk contained all the papers to which he might have occasion to refer, and was constructed in such a manner that he could draw it up and down at pleasure, and when he drew it to a certain height even the light of the tapers did not incommode him by casting a reflexion on his pillow which could disturb his repose.

“ One night by some accident the falling of a spark, or perhaps one of the tapers, among the manuscripts, all the contents of the desk were consumed, the curtains caught fire, and Voltaire had scarcely time to preserve his life. When he recovered from his first alarm, which was certainly very great, he had time to contemplate the loss he had sustained. Some valuable manuscripts were

destroyed in the conflagration. Among other inferior productions it is supposed that an epic poem, nearly finished, was consumed. Whether this accident actually accelerated his death cannot be ascertained, but he grieved excessively for the loss he had sustained; he mentioned it the last thing when he was taking leave of me; adding with a deep sigh, and the tears standing in his eyes, ‘What a loss! what an *irreparable* loss!’

“ I am, Sir,

“ yours, with respect,

“ VERAX.”

VIII. VOLTAIRE AND DE LA CONDAMINE.

When M. de la Condamine returned from his voyage to America, he wrote to Voltaire, and sent him the volumes containing his “*Journal du Voyage fait par ordre de Roi a l’Equateur,*” and his “*Histoire des Pyra-*

mides de Quitto." It is plain that Voltaire did not think this gentleman sufficiently rewarded for his tours of useful observation to every quarter of the globe. The voyager evinces great modesty in the following lines addressed to Voltaire :

De jours si bien remplis les momens sont trop courts,
Ne me lisez jamais : mais écrivez toujours.

C'est a Voltaire seul d'écrire

A nous de lire, et de relire,

Jour et nuit, sa prose et ces vers

Tous les momens où repose sa lyre,

Sont dus a Frederic, et a l'univers.

Translated by M. J. Young.

In days so well filled how swiftly flies time!
Waste it not to read me, trace your own thoughts sublime.
It is you, O Voltaire! *you alone* who should write,
We your works re-peruse with increasing delight.
When you lay down the lyre, and pause in the song,
To the world and great Fred'ric those moments belong.

Voltaire's answer to De la Condamine.

Grand merci, cher la Condamine,
 De beau présent de l'équateur,
 Et de votre lettre badine
 Jointe a la profonde doctrine
 De votre esprit calculateur.
 Eh bien! vous avez vu l'Afrique,
 Constantinople, l'Amerique ;
 Tous vos pas ont été perdus!
 Voulez-vous faire enfin fortune ?
 Hélas! il ne vous reste plus
 Qu'a faire un voyage à la lune :
 On dit qu'on trouve en son pourpris,
 Ce qu'on perd aux lieux on nous sommes ;
 Les services rendus aux hommes,
 Et les bien faits a son pays.

Translated by M. J. Young.

I thank you, dear La Condamine,
 For your fine gift of the equator,
 And merry letter which you join,
 To sense profound and wit divine
 Proving your skill as calculator.

And so you've seen America,
 Constantinople, Africa !
 Alas ! you've lost your pains !
 If you would make a fortune soon,
 Go take a journey to the moon,
 No other place remains.
 There it is said you'll surely find,
 What you *as surely lose* when here ;
 For just rewards to all mankind
 Are the bright blessings of her sphere.

IX. MONTESQUIEU.

Although Montesquieu had affected to treat Voltaire with pride and indifference, his behaviour made so little impression on the liberal-minded bard of Ferney, that when Montesquieu published " L'Esprit des Lois" he not only read the work with pleasure, but said with energy, " Mankind had lost their claims ; Montesquieu has found and restored their rights to them." This was certainly the finest eulogium ever pronounced on " L'Esprit des Lois." yet, because he made just and critical remarks on the work, it was

affirmed that Voltaire was *jealous* of Montesquieu.

X. L'ABBE PELLEGRIN.

During the run of *Merope* a bel-esprit who entered a coffee-house, as he returned from the representation of that admired tragedy, and spoke of it with rapture, concluded his eulogium with these words, "By heaven! Voltaire is the king of poets!" The Abbé Pellegrin, who happened to be present, arose from his seat, and feeling himself piqued against the enraptured admirer of Voltaire, he said pettishly, "*Voltaire* the *king* of poets! then what am *I*, Monsieur?" The wit replied, "You?—O you are the *Dean*."

XI. IMPROMPTU BY M. DE VOLTAIRE,
*Addressed to Mademoiselle Charlerois, on
 seeing her in the habit of a Cordelier.*

Frere ange de Charlerois,
 Dis nous par quelle aventure,
 Le cordon de Saint François
 Sert a Venus de ceinture ?

Translated by M. J. Young.

Angel brother, Charlerois,
 Tell me, make the wonder known,
 Why the cord of Saint François
 Serves fair Venus for a zone?

XII. THE BORROWER.

A person known to Voltaire was under the necessity of borrowing of him sixteen thousand livres, for which he promised to

give him a bond in fifteen days. Fifteen months passed on without his obtaining any security for the money. Voltaire, who was as exact as he was generous, grew impatient and displeased at the man's negligence. He went to him one day, and said very gravely, " I will *give* you the sixteen thousand livres which you borrowed of me; but remember, Sir, that for the future I will not lend you a penny without a mortgage." The borrower felt himself so extremely piqued at such a supposition of his poverty, that he immediately paid Voltaire the sixteen thousand livres with due interest. The sum was accepted by Voltaire, and lent directly to a distressed tradesman, who repaid him from *principle*, not from a proud pique.

XIII. A REPROOF TO SELF-CONCEIT.

A man of learning having altered and added to several speeches in the tragedy of Irene, brought it to Voltaire, and pointed

out to him the improvements he had made one day when Pirroneau, who had built the magnificent bridge of Nenilly, was with him ; Voltaire said, in a manner peculiar to himself, “ Ah ! M. Pirroneau, what a misfortune it is to you that this gentleman did not see the plan of your bridge, he would certainly have added another arch.”

XIV. AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH, BY
VOLTAIRE, ON **** WHILE LIVING.

Ci git, qui toujours bredouilla,
Sans avoir jamais pu rien dire
Beaucoup de livres farfouilla
Sans avoir jamais pu s'instruire,
Et beaucoup d'écrits barbouilla
Que personne ne pourra lire.

Translated by M. J. Young.

Here lies one who chatter'd ever,
Yet, alas ! he nothing said ;
Turn'd o'er many leaves, but never
Profited from what he read ;
Who also scribbled many a page,
Yet, not one reader could engage.

XV. LOUIS RACINE.

When a friend of Voltaire's, thinking to please him, said with a sardonic smile that Louis Racine, in writing the memoirs of his father, had taken the greatest pains to prove that Jean Racine never had an intrigue with Mademoiselle Champmellé, Voltaire replied, " Louis has done right ; it is not for a son to throw dishonour on the memory of his father."

XVI. THE CHEVALIER D'ESQUIRE AND
VOLTAIRE.

Not long previous to the death of Voltaire he was at the theatre when *Alzire* was performed. The enthusiasm which the presence of their venerable author occasioned became, as usual, ardent and general ; and as he was retiring from his box at the conclusion of the play, the Chevalier d'Escure

presented him with the following elegant compliment, which had been written on a card during the plaudits.

Ainsi chez les Incas dans leurs jours fortunés,
 Les enfans du soleil, dont nous suivons l'exemple,
 Aux transports les plus doux étoient abandonnés,
 Lorsque de ses rayons il éclairoit leur temple.

Translated by M. J. Young.

As the Peruvians, bless'd with peaceful days,
 Hail'd in their temple the sun's cheering rays,
 So we, inspired, their example follow,
 And hail with fervent zeal our bright Apollo.

Voltaire, with his usual presence of mind, instantly replied by this quotation from his *Zaïre* :

Des chevaliers Français tel est le caractère,
 Leur noblesse en tout tems me fut utile et chère.

Aaron Hill, in his *Zara*, thus translates this French expression :

So gen'rous France inspires her social sons ;
They have been ever dear and useful to me.

The following will perhaps be thought
nearer the sense of Voltaire's lines :

The noble sons of France, whom all revere,
To me are ever kind, and ever dear.

XVII. LA COMPAGNIE DES FERMES.

When this company subscribed for sixty copies of the works of Corneille, published by Voltaire for the emolument of Mademoiselle Corneille, he repeated Babouc's idea concerning the financiers' loan to the Emperor of Persia ; he thought that they resembled the dark and swelling clouds which sucked the dew from the earth, and restored it again in plenteous showers.

XVIII. D'ARNAUD.

When Baculard d'Arnaud was very young, Voltaire frequently sent him sufficient sums of money to enable him to partake of the public amusements so congenial to his age, fearing the narrowness of his fortune might debar him of those agreeable recreations. When d'Arnaud became richer, he would have returned the money to Voltaire, who said to him with paternal affection, "No, my son, excuse me; when did you ever hear that a child repaid the trifles which his father had given him to purchase sweetmeats?"

XIX. THE BLOOMING CROWD.

Voltaire one very sultry day was at an assembly crowded with the most fashionable beauties in Paris; one of the loveliest asked

him if he was not half suffocated? he replied, “ I am ; but it is with such beautiful roses that I cannot complain.”

XX. THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

A nobleman, celebrated for his wit, visited Voltaire at Ferney, where his reception was so elegant and interesting that he exclaimed,

Hic est Mæcenas Virgilius que simul.

Here Virgil and Mæcenas are united,

Voltaire replied, “ I wish they were, for they alone are worthy to receive such a guest.”

XXI. M. DE LA HARPE.

When *Alzire* was performed at the theatre in Ferney Castle, 1764, M. de la Harpe, who acted a principal character with great applause, came forward at the end of the

tragedy, and presenting a wreath to Voltaire, pronounced the following lines with inimitable grace :

Vainqueur à son dernier moment
 Baissant sous ses lauriers sa tête appesantie,
 Exhalait dans la joie et le ravissement,
 Les restes brillans de sa vie.

Translated by M. J. Young.

The conqueror to his latest day
 Shall feel fresh laurels deck his head,
 While Fame and Joy will round him play
 Until his brilliant soul is fled.

Voltaire immediately wrote with his pencil upon a card, and presented the excellent performer with these lines :

Des plaisirs et des arts vous honorez l'asyle ;
 Il s'embellit de vos talens,
 C'est Sophocle dans son printems
 Qui couronne de fleurs la vicillesse d'Eschile.

Translated by M. J. Young.

This retreat of the muses you honour and grace
 By exerting your wonderful powers ;
 And now taking, kindly, young Sophocles' place,
 Hoary Æschylus crown with sweet flowers.

XXII. ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

Nothing put Voltaire into a greater passion than seeing his works printed incorrectly. One day he observed, in a new edition, a line in his *Épistle to Le Chevalier Boufflers*, the word *agé* printed, when he had written *chargé*. He tore out the leaf, exclaiming, "Stupid barbarians! the words ran thus :

Croyez qu'un veillard cacochyme,
*C*chargé de soizante et douze ans.

"*Agé de soizante et douze ans!* Nonsense, nonsense! *I* made a *figure*, and the *printer* has turned it into a *baptismal extract*. How it impoverishes the verse, and destroys the sense!"

The English of the line is,

Believe a peevish old man,
 Burthen'd with seventy-two years ;

and to change the word *burthened* for that

of *aged* would certainly give a common turn to the expression, and weaken the cause for *peccishness*. Voltaire had provocation for his displeasure.

XXIII. THE PARTRIDGE PIE.

Voltaire was never so vain of his talents as a dramatic writer as to be insensible to the observations of the critics, during the run of his plays; and profiting from every judicious remark, made many alterations in the dialogue, to the great inconvenience of the performers, who were obliged to be continually re-studying their characters. When *Zaire* came out, M. Dufresne, who acted a principal character, thought the author had every reason to be contented with the reception given to that tragedy, without fatiguing the actors with what *he* considered unnecessary corrections; and with the pride that usually attends performers high in the public favour, would neither hear Voltaire on the subject of alterations, nor read any letters which he sent him.

This obduracy in Dufresne provoked Voltaire, who was certain he would find the corrections give additional interest to his acting ; and hearing one day that he was to give a dinner to a party of friends, contrived to have a large pie placed upon the table. Dufresne knew that such a dish was no part of *his* bill of fare, and no one could inform him from whom it came. As his guests had as much curiosity as himself to see the contents of the mysterious pie, he opened it, and they beheld twelve fine partridges, each of them holding a folded paper in its beak.

Dufresne laughed heartily when he found the papers contained all the alterations that Voltaire wished him to make in the dialogue of his part in *Zaïre*. He found them all so calculated to gain him additional applause, that he adopted them the next night with great effect ; and told Voltaire, that as he had always been extremely partial to partridges, he found it impossible to withstand the persuasive eloquence of twelve the most judicious birds that had ever graced a table.

XXIV. THE SHIP AND THE TRAGEDY.

When Voltaire was very much vexed at the unfavourable reception that his tragedy of Brutus had met with, he was informed of the safe arrival of a vessel named Brutus, from Barbary, which had been freighted at his expence, and was supposed to have been wrecked on her passage homeward. Voltaire said to his factor, "It is well my Barbary Brutus has escaped, to console me for the danger of my Roman Brutus, at present buffeted by adverse winds. They will change in time, perhaps, and prove more favourable."

XXV. AN EPIGRAM BY VOLTAIRE,

*On reading a bad translation of the Prophet
Jeremiah.*

Savez vous pourquoi Jérémie,
A tant pleure pendant sa vie ?
C'est que delors il prévoyait
Que *** le traduirait.

Why Jeremiah, dost thou know,
Passed his wretched life in woe ?
He saw, in the decree of Fate,
Who his work would *thus* translate.

XXVI. JEAN BAPTIST ROUSSEAU.

Voltaire said, one day, to the Abbé de Lille, " Jean Baptist Rousseau calls me a very sad versifier, I am so careless of my rhymes. I had rather he should say *that of me* than what he obliges me to say of *him*. He makes good rhymes, it is true, but then he cannot write any thing else."

XXVII. THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

A young man, who had just made himself known in the literary world, ventured one day to criticise with some degree of self-conceit on the works of Boileau and Racine, when Voltaire was present, and felt a little embarrassed when that celebrated author said, "Softly, young Sir; you go too far. Boileau and Racine are our masters: respect them, and endeavour to imitate them." The young man strove to support his opinion by the judgment of an academician, who had evinced, by his own writings, the little esteem he had for those great poets. Voltaire replied, with an arch smile, "True, Sir, he too, in his verses, throws a few *feathers* at them."

XXVIII. WRITTEN BY VOLTAIRE,

*On a full-length portrait of the Marchioness
de Chatelet.*

C'est ainsi que la vérité,
Pour mieux établir sa puissance,
A pris les traits de la beauté
Et les graces de l'éloquence.

Translated by M. J. Young.

Thus Truth, in Beauty's form appearing,
Claims her empire o'er mankind ;
But oh ! she *fixes* it, when hearing
All the graces of her mind.

XXIX. VOLTAIRE ON TRANSLATION.

What Voltaire says, as an apology for his translations of several passages of our English poets, may not be improperly introduced *here*.

“ I have attempted to translate some passages from the most celebrated English poets—Pardon the blemishes of the translation for the sake of the original; and never forget that when you behold a version, it is but a faint imitation of a beautiful picture.

“ Do not suppose that I am a servile translator. Woe to the writer who gives a *literal* version! who, by adhering to the letter of the original, enervates the sense, and extinguishes the fire.”

XXX. THE FRIVOLOUS QUESTION.

One day Voltaire visited a lady of fashion, whom he found at her toilette reading the *Henriade*; while her soubrette was arranging her beautiful tresses. The lady, before he had taken a seat, read these lines aloud,

Sur un autel de fer, un livre inexplicable,
Contient l'avenir l'histoire irrevocable.

A volume on an iron altar lay,
Of annals, fix'd for ev'ry future day.

The fair reader then said, " Pray, Monsieur de Voltaire, why did you make your altar of frightful *iron*? Do you know I hate it." Voltaire replied very archly, " Indeed ! I am sorry to hear you say so. Then perhaps, ma beile dame, you would have liked the altar, and thought it beautiful, if I had made it of *gauze*."

XXXI. REFLECTIONS ON AN ETERNAL
BEING, BY VOLTAIRE.

" In observing the order, skill, mechanical and geometrical laws, which reign in the universe, their causes, the innumerable ends of all things, I am inspired with admiration and reverence ; and conclude, that if the works of man, even my own, compel me to acknowledge an intelligence within ourselves, I ought also to acknowledge that a Being, far superior in power, actuates the multiplicity of works by which the world is sustained, and I admit of this supreme intelligence without fearing that I shall be

obliged to alter my opinion; for nothing can intervene between me and this axiom, as all those works plainly demonstrate a divine artificer, of whose existence I can harbour no doubt. Even the weakness of our comprehension renders us only still more submissive to that Eternal Being by whom we exist. That we certainly are the work of God is the most important truth for us to know; and the proof is clear that mankind are but the passive instruments of this Eternal Manufacturer, who animates the poorest worm of the earth, and causes the sun to turn upon its own axis. This Eternal Being gives me my ideas, and I adore that God by whom I think, without being able to comprehend *how* I think.

“ I have immersed with Thales in the water, of which *his* first principle consisted; glowed before the fire of Empedocles; run in a strait line along the vacuum with the atoms of Epicurus; calculated the numbers, and heard his music, with Pythagoras; paid my respect to the Adrogines of Plato; passed through all the regions of meta-

physics and madness ; and made myself perfectly acquainted with the system of Spinoza ; and after examining the various opinions and systems of mankind concerning the Deity, which of them can I embrace ? Not one of them. The Eternal Being who rules the universe has given me a conscience ; and as *that* dictates I will adore him."

XXXII. IDEAS OF JUSTICE AND MORALITY,
BY VOLTAIRE.

“ Although in the various climates mankind differ materially in their customs, language, laws, religion, and education, yet their principles of morality are very nearly the same. Even those nations who are perfect strangers to theology have natural ideas of justice and injustice, which unfold with their reason. The Supreme Being who governs the world has wisely decreed that mankind in general should naturally conceive in their minds a love of justice, as it is the bond of peace in all societies upon the earth.

“ If God had not given them these necessary principles as he has their organs, how would the Egyptians, who erected such wonderful pyramids, and the wandering Scythians, who had not skill to build a cabin, have possessed similar notions of justice and injustice? A rude and ignorant people, who had not even a term in their jargon to signify geometry and astronomy, have the same fundamental laws as the wise Chaldeans who were acquainted with the course of the stars; and the still more learned Phœnicians availed themselves of their astronomical knowledge, and went forth to lay the foundation of colonies at the extremity of the hemisphere, where the Mediterranean mingles with the ocean. All these people unite in the opinion that they should revere their parents, and regard perjury, calumny, and homicide as the most abominable crimes.

“ The idea of justice appears to me a truth of the first order, to which the universe has given its assent so far, that even the greatest crimes which afflict society are

committed under the pretended sanction of that sacred word. War, so destructive, so contrary to nature, is always carried on under the name of justice. Every freebooter at the head of his party preludes his fury by a manifesto, and implores aid from the God of battles.

“ Even petty robbers never call themselves thieves and despoilers. They say, ‘ Let us be just to ourselves, and recover from those who revel in superfluity the share of wealth which is our due.’

“ A council of state will issue a sentence for the most cruel and inhuman murder, and call it *justice*. Evil-minded conspirators say, ‘ Come, let us punish the crimes of a tyrant, and avenge our country !’ In short, servile flatterers, artful ministers, treacherous conspirators, and cruel robbers, *all*, though against their will, pay homage to the *name* of that virtue upon which they trample.”

XXXIII. ZOROASTER.

“ The Persians allowed that Zoroaster existed nine thousand years before themselves. This cannot be ascertained faithfully. All I can find out is, that his moral precepts have been translated from the ancient language of the Magi into that of the Guebrians, and carefully preserved until the present time.

“ It is evident, by the allegories, observations, and fantastic ideas with which this collection is replete, that the religion of Zoroaster is of the remotest antiquity. He mentions a garden as a recompence for the just ; and the evil principle he calls Satan, a word adopted also by the Jews. He mentions the world as being formed at six different times or seasons ; and there we find a command to repeat an Abunavar and an Ashim vuhn, for those who sneeze. But in this collection of a hundred subjects or pre-

cepts, taken from the book of Zend, and in which the exact expressions of the ancient Zoroaster are repeated, what excellent moral duties are prescribed ! To love and succour our parents ; to give alms to the poor ; never to falsify our word ; and before we perform any action, to reflect seriously whether it be just or unjust ; and if *doubtful*, to abstain from the performance. No legislator could ever exceed this precept ; and although Zoroaster established ridiculous, superstitious errors in his doctrines, the purity which he displays in his morals convinces me that he was not inclined to corrupt, and that it was impossible for him to err in his lessons of virtue."

XXXIV. THE BRAMINS.

" It is supposed that the ancient Bramins existed long before the Chinese had their five kings ; and what chiefly renders this supposition probable is, that Indian antiquities are greatly sought after in China,

and in India there are no Chinese antiquities.

“ Those ancient Bramins were no doubt as bad metaphysicians and theologians as the Chaldeans, Persians, and all the nations to the east of China ; but their morality was sublime. According to their opinion this worldly existence was being for a term of years dead to celestial bliss, in the presence of a Divinity, with whom, after they expired *here*, they were destined to live. They were not only just to their fellow-creatures, but rigorous to themselves. They considered the renouncing all pleasures, abstinence, silence, and contemplation as their principal duties.

“ The Chinese government upwards of four thousand years ago proved to mankind that they may be ruled without being oppressed ; it proves the same to them *now*, and also that the God of truth is not to be worshipped by *falsehood* ; and that superstition is not only useless but *destructive* to religion.

“ About the time of the Revelation never

was the adoration of God more pure and holy than in China. I speak of the religion of the Prince, the tribunals, and all the sensible people of China, which has been the same for many ages. And in what does this primitive and excellent religion consist? Simply in this—Adore God and be just.”

XXXV. CONFUCIUS.

“ Confutse, whom we call Confucius, is frequently placed among the ancient legislators, and the founders of religion: but this is a great mistake; Confusius lived only six hundred and fifty years before our æra. He never instituted any doctrine or rite; he neither called himself inspired nor a prophet, he only united the ancient laws of morality in one code.

“ He persuades mankind to forgive injuries, and to remember only the good actions of others; to watch over themselves incessantly, and to correct to-day the errors of yesterday; to govern their passions, cul-

tivate friendship, to give without ostentation, and not to receive but in cases of necessity, and then without meanness.

“ He not only warns people against doing evil to their fellow-creatures, but recommends them to do exactly as they would wish to be done by ; he teaches modesty and humility, and exhorts mankind to the regular practice of every virtue.”

XXXVI. PYTHAGORAS.

“ The Greek philosophers were not learned in physics or metaphysics, but they were all excellent in their morality. In the Golden Verses of Pythagoras we read the very essence of his doctrines, and not a single virtue is omitted.”

XXXVII. ZALEUCUS.

“ Unite the arguments of the Grecian Italian, Spanish, German, French, and

other preachers, then extract the pure es-
 sence of all their discourses, and see if it
 will be purer than the exordium of the laws
 of Zolucus :

“ ‘ Gain the dominion over your own
 ‘ soul, purify it, banish from it all criminal
 ‘ thoughts ; believe that God cannot be
 ‘ truly served by the perverse ; believe that
 ‘ he bears no resemblance to weak mortals
 ‘ who are to be seduced by praises and
 ‘ gifts. Virtue alone can please him.’ ”

“ ‘ This is the substance of all morality,
 and of *true* religion.’ ”

XANVIII. EPICURUS.

“ From some gay witticisms of Horace
 and Petronius it has been supposed by
 many that Epicurus had taught voluptuous-
 nesses by precept and example. Epicurus,
 during his whole life, was a wise, tem-
 perate, and just philosopher. So early as
 his twelfth or thirteenth year he evinced
 wisdom and spirit in his question to the

grammarian who instructed him, when they were reading Hesiod. He paused at this line :

Chaos was produced the first of all beings.

‘ Was it, indeed ? ’ said Epicurus. ‘ If it was the *first*, who produced it ? ’ The grammarian honestly replied, ‘ I cannot tell: the philosophers alone can know *that*. ’ The child exclaimed eagerly, ‘ O, then I will apply to the philosophers for instruction ! ’ and from that time until he was seventy-two years of age he diligently cultivated philosophy.

“ Diogenes of Laerces has preserved to us the will of Epicurus. A just and tranquil soul is displayed throughout the whole form. He had ever made it his custom to liberate such slaves as he thought were deserving of the favour, and he recommended his executors to give freedom also to worthy bondsmen. No ostentation, no unjust preference, disgraces the last will of Epicurus: it is the testament of one who had no wish

but what was reasonable. In some things he differed from other philosophers. His sect was the first which taught affection, and which never divided into various other sects ; and all his disciples were his friends."

XXXIX. THE STOICS.

"The Epicureans rendered human nature *amiable*, but the Stoics rendered it almost *divine*. Resignation to the Being of beings, or rather an elevation of soul to that Being, indifference to life, contempt for death, and inflexibility in justice, form the character of the real Stoics ; and the only thing which could be said against them was, that they discouraged the rest of mankind."

XL. SOCRATES.

"This philosopher, who was not of the sect of Stoics, demonstrated, by being a martyr to his belief in a Divinity, that even

virtue cannot be carried to so great a height without giving offence to some party ; and although she afterward repented of the deed, the death of Socrates will be an eternal opprobrium to Athens.”

XLI. CATO AND EPICTETUS.

“ The stoic Cato will ever be the pride of Rome ; yet the philosopher Epictetus, in his slavery, was superior to Cato, because he endured his misery with resignation. He said, ‘ I am in this situation by the decree of Providence, therefore I should offend him were I to complain.’ ”

XLII. ANTONINUS.

“ The emperor Antoninus was superior even to Epictetus, because he triumphed over more temptations ; and it was certainly far more difficult for an emperor to avoid corruption than for a poor man not to repine.”

XLIII. ÆSOP.

“ Whether Æsop was the Pilpay of the Indians, the ancient forerunner of Pilpay, the Lokman of the Persians, the Akkim of the Arabians, or the Hacam of the Phenicians, is of little consequence. I find his fables were in vogue among the eastern nations, and that his origin is lost in an abyss of antiquity which cannot be fathomed. His fables appear to have been written at a time when it was not doubted whether beasts had a language. They are profound, ingenious, have all a moral tendency, and have afforded instruction with amusement to nearly the whole universe. They are not a collection of pompous sentences, more prolix than improving; they are plain truths in the attractive garb of fable. Ancient wisdom is simple and unadorned in this primitive author, and required no embellishments from modern languages. The elegant ornaments these Fables have re-

ceived from France have not disguised their natural graces. These excellent Apologues of Æsop contain this great lesson—to be *contented* and *just*.”

XLIV. THE WISH.

“It is an admirable truth in antiquity that the peace of nations was never disturbed by mythology. Oh, if we would imitate them, and abandon all theological disputes! Why not follow their example in *that*, as we have at length done with respect to the Belles Lettres? After being immersed in the barbarisms of our schools, we are returned to the pure taste of antiquity. We recur every day to the Roman jurisprudence; and when we stand in need of legal information, which frequently happens, we consult their codes and their pandects. Why do we not also imitate our masters in their wise toleration?”

XLV. AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

“ Pythagoras, during his residence in India, learned, in the school of the Gymnosophists, the language of beasts and herbs. As he was walking one day in a field near the sea, he heard distinctly these words: ‘ How miserable it is to be born a herb! Scarcely have I attained the height of two inches before I am doomed to be crushed beneath the feet of a most horrible animal: his jaws are armed with rows of sharp scythes, with which he will soon cut me down, tear me to pieces, and devour me! Men call this monster a sheep: surely the whole creation cannot produce a more ferocious creature!’

“ Pythagoras, as he advanced nearer the sea-shore, beheld an oyster gaping upon a rock. The philosopher had not then embraced the admirable law by which we are forbidden to eat any thing animated with the breath of life, as we are, therefore was

going to swallow the oyster without scruple, when it uttered these plaintive words: ‘ O Nature! how happy is the herb, which, like thy work, mankind, is cut down, regenerates, and is immortal! while we poor oysters in vain are guarded by a double shield. Villains eat us by dozens for their breakfast, and *we* are gone for ever! How dreadful is the destiny of an oyster, and how barbarous is man!’

“ Pythagoras shuddered: he felt the enormity of the crime he was going to commit. Weeping, he asked pardon of the oyster, and replaced it very carefully upon the rock.

“ He turned his step toward the city, meditating profoundly on this adventure, and observed spiders eating flies, swallows eating spiders, and sparrow-hawks who were eating swallows. He said, ‘ These beings are not philosophers.’

“ Upon his entrance into the town, Pythagoras found himself hustled in a tumultuous crowd of common people. He was thrown down and bruised as they ran from

all directions, crying with impetuosity, 'It is right, they deserve it!' Pythagoras, scrambled up, and asked hastily, 'Who? What do they deserve?' The populace continued to run on, exclaiming, 'O, we shall have rare fun in seeing them broiling!'

"Pythagoras, who thought they were speaking of vegetables or of fish, soon found himself deceived. They informed him it was of two wretched Indians. Pythagoras said to himself, 'O, it may be possible! They are doubtless two great philosophers, who, weary of their present lives, are desirous of transmigrating into some other form. Well, there may be a pleasure in changing the place of our abode, even at the hazard of being worse lodged. There is no answering for taste.'

"He accompanied the mob on their way to the public square, and beheld a large pile of wood lighted opposite the scaffold called the Tribunal Bench, upon which were seated the judges. Each of them held a cow's tail in his hand, and wore a cap with

ears not unlike those of the beast which carried Silenus when he accompanied Bacchus.

“Among these judges was an honest man well known to Pythagoras. The sage of Samos requested the sage of India to explain the nature of the festival at which the Indian people seemed so eager to assist. The judge replied, ‘My grave brethren have condemned those two poor Indians to the punishment of being burnt alive, without their having the least inclination for such a terrible death: but one said that the substance of Xaca is not the substance of Brahma; and the other imagined that we may please the Supreme Being by virtue, without holding a cow by the tail in our dying moments, because he said we may be virtuous at all times, but we may not be able to find a cow whenever we stand in need of her. All the good women in the city were so terrified at hearing such heretical doctrine, that they compelled the judges to pass sentence on these two unfortunate men.’

“ Pythagoras was now convinced that from the herb up to man there were many causes for uneasiness ; he however gained a pause previous to the execution, and made the judges, and even the devotees, attend to reason in favour of the victims ; a circumstance which never happened except at *that* time.

“ The compassionate philosopher went afterwards and preached toleration at Cretona ; but a malicious adversary set fire to his house—he was burned !—The man who had preserved two Indians from the flames ! Who can escape ? ”

XLVI. THE DAUPHIN, FATHER TO LOUIS
THE SIXTEENTH.

“ I have just been reading, in an eloquent discourse of M. Thomas on the Dauphin, the following words :

“ The dauphin perused with great pleasure all those books which displayed the humanity and philanthropy of mankind.

Would he himself then have been a cruel persecutor? Would he have adopted the ferocity of those who make crimes of mistakes, and who *torture to instruct*? More than once he has said, ‘ Ah! let us not persecute !’

“ This sentence penetrated my heart ! I exclaimed, ‘ What wretch dare be a persecutor, when the heir to an illustrious crown has declared himself to be against persecution?’ This prince had read many books ; he had studied philosophy, and knew that persecution cannot produce any thing but evil.

“ A prince whose mind is enlightened is the greatest blessing which can attend a monarchical government. Henry the Fourth was not instructed so much by books as by adversity, by the experience of a private and of a public life ; he was aided by his own excellent genius, and having been persecuted, never became a persecutor. Amidst the clangor of arms, the factions of the kingdom, the intrigues of the court, and the violence of two opposite sects, that

monarch, unknown to himself, was a philosopher.

“ Louis the Thirteenth read little, his ideas were confined, and he had no knowledge of the world. He allowed of persecution. Louis the Fourteenth possessed a good understanding, an ardent zeal for glory, which inspired him to act rightly; his discernment was just, and his heart was noble. Such was this prince by nature; but unfortunately Cardinal Mazarine did not cultivate as he ought to have done so fine a character. The prince, who was so capable of instruction, was left in ignorance. He suffered himself to be subdued by his confessors, and committed evil. He persecuted, he exiled, he imprisoned many great men, because they differed in opinion from two Jesuits of the court, and at length suffered the destructive flames of fanaticism to rage in his kingdom.

“ From the time of Romulus until the Popes became powerful the Romans never persecuted one philosopher for his opinions. Cicero possessed great power; he says in

one of his letters, ‘ Suto, when wouldst thou choose that I should make a partition of Gaul?’ He was greatly attached to the Sect of Academics, yet he never exiled a Stoic, dismissed an Epicurean from office, or molested a Pythagorean. The Romans never *persecuted* because they were *wise*.

“ Yet, thou ill-fated Guricu! a fugitive from thy native home, thou who didst permit Spinoso, of whom thou wert not jealous, to rest in peace, wouldst oppress the respectable Bayle, a fugitive like thyself, in his asylum and thy own, because thy trifling refutation is eclipsed by the lustre of his fame!

“ The heir to a kingdom, the successor to thirty kings said, ‘ Let us *not* persecute,’ and the unknown inhabitant of a parish, a monk shall say, ‘ *Let us persecute.*’ What! ravish from us freedom of thought! Just Heaven! Fanatic tyrants, begin! cut off our hands that we may not write! tear out our tongues which speak of you with detestation! and transfix our hearts which can feel

no sentiments for you but those of abhorrence!

“ The countries in which superstition presides, inventing tortures for the human species, resemble the infernal regions; and those, in whose mild government the mind of man is suffered to enjoy its natural privileges, as much resemble the celestial abodes of peace and harmony.

“ There is a country which alternately resembles the angelical and diabolical regions, where persecutions *now* are only casual and personal, occasioned merely by a few lunatics, who perceive from their disordered imaginations what those of clear understanding cannot discern; they raise a cabal, and combine against some devoted family, are joined by some people whom they have misled, but who seeing their error repent of the mischief they have abetted, and then all is forgotten. In this country also authors are persecuted, and their works burnt; then, after a short period, those very works are not only tolerated,

but publicly admired, and the writers, if they have not fallen a prey to persecution, are highly esteemed.

“ Locke, whose brilliant talents gave lustre to England, was scarcely known to this people thirty years ago, and when his wisdom was displayed before their eyes, some fools in office violently oppressed the man who introduced that great author to their knowledge, and who first brought truth from the island of philosophers into the land of frivolity.

“ Nor were they alone persecuted who endeavoured to enlighten the *souls* of mankind; those who were anxious to preserve their bodies were treated with equal rigour. In vain did the beneficent friends of mankind demonstrate that inoculation might insure the lives of twenty-five thousand persons annually in so large a kingdom. The superstitious enemies of humanity exclaimed against the benefactors, and accused them of wanting to poison the people. Here luckily they failed, and reason had courage to triumph over bigotry.

“ We will leave the casual oppressions which have been so frequently inflicted on philosophy, which scarcely deserve a thought in comparison to the more violent persecutions attending theology. In all theological disputes, from the earliest period, the adverse parties have continually anathematised each other. Councils have combatted with councils, until time and power decide that the strongest must be in the right; then the two parties unite to persecute a third, and that oppresses a fourth. Thus has the blood of our fellow-creatures been shed for many hundred years by religious massacres and religious wars.

“ Let us then continually repeat with the Dauphin, the loss of whom we have such serious cause to lament, “ Ah! let us not persecute!”

**XLVII. ANNUAL FESTIVALS SHOULD BE FOR
GOOD DEEDS ONLY.**

After mentioning many absurd processions of relics and bones given out to be those of saints and martyrs, Voltaire concludes with the following exhortation:

“ Unhappy mortals! let your festivals be calculated to soften your manners, and to bend your minds to gentleness, clemency, and charity! Celebrate the victory at Fontenoy, when all the wounded enemies were carried with our own people to the same houses and hospitals, and were treated with the same skill and attention.

“ Celebrate the generosity of the English who raised a subscription in favour of the French prisoners taken in the last war.

“ Celebrate the benefactions bestowed by Louis the Fifteenth on the family of Calas; and let this festival be an eternal reparation for injustice.

“ Celebrate the beneficent institutions of

the Invalids, St. Cyr, and the Military School. Let your festivals commemorate virtuous actions, and not animosity, discord, inhumanity, bloodshed, and carnage."

XLVIII. THE DEDICATION TO ZADIG.

Epistle Dedicatory to the Sultana Sheraz;

BY SADI.

*The 18th of the month Schewal, in the 837th
year of the Hejira.*

Delight of the eyes! enslaver of the heart! bright beam of the soul! I cannot kiss the *dust* of thy feet, because thou never walkest except on the carpets of Iran, or in paths strewed with roses. I present to thee the translation of a book written by an ancient sage, who, happily enjoying tranquil leisure, amused himself by composing the History of Zadig; a work which promises less than it performs. I beseech thee to read and examine it; for although thou art

in the spring of life, and art surrounded by the gay pleasures of youth, although thou art beautiful, and thy beauty is adorned by the most brilliant perfections, although thou art praised incessantly, and in consequence of all this hast the privilege of being exempted from common sense; yet, dost thou possess sound judgment and fine taste. I have heard thee argue with more accuracy than the old dervises with long beards and pointed bonnets. Thou art discreet without being mistrustful, gentle without weakness, and beneficent with discrimination. Thou lovest thy friends, and makest thyself no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its poignancy from the shafts of detraction. Thy power is great, yet dost thou never exert it to injure any one, because thy soul is as unsullied as thy beauty. Thou also possessest some knowledge in philosophy, which convinces me that thou wilt take more pleasure than many others of thy sex in perusing the work of this venerable sage.

It was written originally in the ancient Chaldee, a language which neither thou nor

I understand, and it was translated into Arabic for the entertainment of the famous Sultan Ouloug Beg, about the time when the Arabian and Persian Tales were written. Ouloug delighted in reading Zadig; the Sultanas took more delight in the Thousand and One Nights, &c. The wise sultan said to them, "How can you give such a preference to stories so absurd and fictitious?"

"O! that is the very reason why we admire them," replied the sultanas.

I flatter myself that thou wilt not imitate the taste of thy predecessors, but that of the wise Ouloug. I even hope that when thou art weary of those general conversations which differ from those tales of wonder in nothing but by being less agreeable, thou wilt permit me to have the honour of entertaining thee with rational discourse. Hadst thou been Thalestris, in the time of Scander, the son of Philip, or the Queen of Sheba in the days of Solomon, those kings would have visited thee.

I beseech the heavenly powers that thy

pleasures may be pure, thy beauty fadeless,
and thy happiness eternal!

SADI.

XLIX. ZADIG; AN ORIENTAL HISTORY*.

The blind of one eye.

In the reign of King Moabdar there resided in Babylon a young man named Zadig, of an excellent disposition improved by education, and who, although rich, and in the prime of his youth, had acquired the fortitude to govern his passions; his manners were easy and unaffected; he did not presume to examine rigorously the actions of others, but generously made every allowance for the frailties of mankind. It surprised many persons that he never exercised

* Under the title of an Oriental History, M. de Voltaire has ingeniously satirized the follies and vices of mankind.

his lively wit to expose and ridicule the incoherent, noisy discourses, rash censures, ignorant decisions, vulgar jests, and all the unmeaning jargon of words which went by the name of conversation among too many persons in the city of Babylon ; but Zadig had learned from the first book of Zoroaster that self-love is like a football, swelled up by wind which is liable to burst with a loud and frivolous explosion.

Zadig was too sensible to boast of his conquests among the fair sex, or to speak lightly of that most beautiful part of the creation ; he was also too generous to hesitate lest he should oblige the ungrateful, ever remembering the wise precept of Zoroaster, " When thou eatest, give unto the dogs although they should bite thee." This young man arrived at the highest summit of human wisdom, because he associated continually with the wisest men.

Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy according to that period, and knew as much of metaphysics as per-

haps has been known in any age; and, notwithstanding the new philosophy of the times, he was firmly persuaded that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, and that the sun was in the centre of the world; yet when he was told by the chief magi, in a haughty or rather contemptuous manner, that his sentiments were of a dangerous tendency, for if he believed that the sun revolved on its own axis, and that the year was composed of twelve months, he must be an enemy to the state, Zadig observed an humble silence*.

Blessed with these advantages, a handsome person, a sincere and noble heart, and an excellent constitution, he flattered himself that he might be happy in the nuptial state with the beautiful Semira, for whom he had a real and virtuous affection, and was passionately beloved by her. The happy

* Galileo was imprisoned in the inquisition at Rome, under Pope Urban VIII. for teaching the motion of the earth.

moment which was to unite him to the fair Semira, who by birth and fortune was reckoned one of the best matches in Babylon, was nearly arrived, when the enamoured pair went to walk one fatal evening under the palm trees which adorn the banks of the Euphrates, and were bending their steps towards one of the gates of Babylon, when they beheld a party of men approaching, armed with sabres and arrows.

They were the attendants of the young Orcan, nephew to the minister. The dependants on his uncle had flattered him that he might act as he pleased in every respect with impunity. He possessed neither the personal nor the mental qualifications requisite to rival Zadig, yet he vainly imagined himself to be a far more accomplished man; therefore presumed to love Semira; and enraged to find another preferred to himself, resolved to carry her off forcibly.

The ravishers seized her with violence—she was wounded in the struggle—they pierced the bosom of one whose beauty might have softened the tigers of Mount

Imaus! She uttered the most heart-rending cries, and exclaimed in an agony, “Zadig! my husband! they tear me from thee! from the man I adore!”

Zadig defended himself with all the strength which love and courage could inspire, and with the assistance of only two slaves, he vanquished the ravishers, took Semira, who had fainted, in his arms, and carried her home bleeding and insensible.

When she came to herself, forgetful of her own danger, she thought only of Zadig. She beheld her deliverer—he was also wounded—she exclaimed, “O my Zadig! I loved thee as my destined husband; *now* I love thee as the preserver of my life and honour!” Never was a heart more deeply affected! never were tender sentiments expressed by a more lovely creature than Semira, whose soul was inspired with the warmest gratitude, and all the ardour of a pure and lawful passion. Fortunately her wound was not dangerous.

Zadig had received a very desperate wound with an arrow so near the eye that

the sight was affected. Semira wearied heaven with prayers for the recovery of her lover ; her own eyes were incessantly bathed in tears while she waited in trembling anxiety for the happy moment when those of her Zadig could *both* gaze at her with their accustomed brilliancy.

Alas ! a dangerous abcess was formed on the wounded eye. A messenger was dispatched to Memphis for the great physician Hermes, who arrived with a numerous retinue, visited the patient, and not only declared that he would lose his eye, but predicted even the day and hour when the fatal loss would be confirmed. He then said gravely, “ Had the *right* eye been wounded I could have cured it with ease, but the wounds of the *left eye* are *incurable* !”

All the inhabitants of Babylon admired the profound knowledge of Hermes, and lamented the sad fate of Zadig ; but in two days the abcess broke, and the *left eye* of Zadig was soon restored to the perfect state of the *right*. Hermes wrote a book to prove why it ought *not* to have been re-

stored ; Zadig read not the book ; but the moment he was able to appear abroad, went to visit his Semira, who alone could render his life happy, who alone could bless his recovered sight !

Semira had been in the country three days. Before Zadig arrived at her abode, he was informed that his dear Semira, having declared an unconquerable aversion for one-eyed men, had the preceding night bestowed her hand on Orcan!!! Zadig fell upon the ground speechless !

Grief and disappointment endangered his life ; for a long time he seemed sinking into the grave. Reason at length triumphed over his affliction, and even the severity of his fate afforded him consolation ; he said to himself, “ As I have suffered so severely from the cruel capriciousness of a woman whose manners were formed in the court, I will now seek for happiness in the nuptial state with the amiable daughter of a citizen.”

Zadig fixed his choice on a lady of great prudence, named Azora ; her family was

the worthiest in the city. For three months after his marriage he enjoyed the purest felicity ; he then observed a slight degree of levity in her character ; she was sure to admire most warmly the mental qualifications of those young men who possessed the greatest personal attractions.

L. A DEAD MAN'S NOSE.

Azora returned one morning from paying visits in a violent passion. Zadig interrupted her incoherent expressions by asking, " What can be the matter, my dear Azora? Why art thou so discomposed ?"

" Alas ! Zadig, thou wilt be enraged as much as I am when I inform thee where I have been, and what I have seen. I went to condole with the young widow Cosrou, who within these two days hath raised a tomb for her deceased husband on the banks of the stream which winds through this meadow. She vowed in the agony of her grief to remain by the tomb while the rivulet continued to pursue its course."

“ Well, my Azora, she is an amiable woman, and loved her husband with the truest affection.”

“ Ah! if thou hadst seen how she was employed just now !”

“ Was she turning the course of the rivulet, beautiful Azora ?”

His fair spouse, instead of answering him, continued her invectives against the young widow with such vehemence that Zadig began to suspect and be displeased at Azora's violent display of affection. He had a friend named Cador, to whom he knew his wife was very partial. In this young man he placed a confidence, and secured his fidelity by a considerable reward while Azora was visiting a friend in the country.

When she came home, on the third day she was informed by the sorrowful domestics that Zadig had expired suddenly the night before, and that they had just deposited his corpse in the tomb of his ancestors, at the extremity of the garden. She raved, tore her hair, wept, vowed to heaven that

she would follow him to the tomb, and in the evening received a visit from Cador, who begged permission to mingle his tears with hers.

Next day they dined together, and wept less. Cador told her that his friend had left him a large portion of his fortune, and assured her that to share it with her would render him happy. The lady flew into a rage, wept, grew calm and gentle, and they sat much longer at supper than at dinner; they also conversed more confidentially; Azora praised the deceased, yet owned that Cador had more perfections.

Cador, after supper, was seized with a violent pain in his side. Azora, alarmed at his complaints, lamented that Hermes was not in Babylon. She condescended to bathe the afflicted side with costly essence, and giving him a compassionate look, said, "Art thou subject to this terrible disorder?"

"Alas! yes; it sometimes brings me to the brink of the grave—there is only one remedy which can relieve me. If the nose of a man who died lately were cut off and

applied immediately to my side I should be well."

"That is a very strange remedy, Cador!"

"Not more strange than the sachels of Arnou against the apoplexy*."

Azora considered. This argument, added to the merit of Cador, determined her how to act; she said,

"When my husband crosses the bridge Schinavar, in his journey to the other world, surely the angel Asrael will not repulse him because he is despoiled of his nose†!"

She no longer hesitated, but proceeded to the tomb of Zadig. She wept when she beheld him extended on the bed of death, yet prepared her knife and drew near to him. Zadig started up, and covering his

* Arnou lived at that time in Babylon, and, according to his advertisements in the Gazettes, cured and prevented apoplexies by the powerful charm of a little bag hung around the neck.

† Voltaire has imitated the Ephesian matron.

nose with one hand while he put back the knife with the other, said :

“ Madam! exclaim no more against the widow Cosrou; thy design of cutting off my nose more than equals that of turning the course of a rivulet.”

LI. THE HORSE AND THE DOG.

Zadig found by experience the truth of what is written in the book of Zend, that the first moon of marriage is of honey, the second is too often of wormwood. Azora conducted herself so improperly that he was compelled to repudiate her, and he then sought for amusement in the study of nature. He said, “ A philosopher is happier than any man! he reads the immense volume which God has opened before our eyes; he enjoys the truths he discovers, they nourish and elevate his soul; he dwells in tranquillity, has nothing to fear from men, and has no *tender* wife to cut off his nose.”

Happy in these ideas, he retired to a

country-house which was situated on the banks of the Euphrates. He did not calculate how many inches of water flow under the arch of a bridge in a second of time, nor examine whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the mouth of the mouse more than in the mouth of the sheep; neither did he employ himself in making silk of cobwebs, nor porcelain of broken bottles; he chiefly occupied his time in studying the properties of plants and animals, and soon discovered a beautiful variety in what appears to an unobserving eye dull uniformity.

As he was walking one day near a wood he perceived some men running here and there, as if eagerly searching for something of great value. As they approached he saw that it was one of the queen's eunuchs, attended by some guards. The eunuch said to him, "Pray, young man, hast thou seen the queen's dog?" Zadig replied with great modesty, "It is a bitch, Sir, not a dog." "True; thou art in the right." Zadig added, "She is a very small spaniel; has lately whelped, limps on the left fore-leg,

and has very long ears." The eunuch exclaimed with joy, "Thou hast seen her!" "No, indeed I have not; nor did I even know that the queen had such an animal."

It happened that at the same time the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the groom in the plains of Babylon. The chief huntsman and the officers of the stables ran with as much perplexity after the horse as the queen's attendants did after the little spaniel. The huntsman asked Zadig if he had seen the king's horse? He replied, "The horse is the fleetest in the royal stables, is five feet high, has very small hoofs, his tail is three feet and a half in length, the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny-weights." The chief huntsman demanded eagerly, "Which way did he take? where shall we seek him?" Zadig replied, "I have not seen him, and never heard him spoken of before."

All those who had come in search of the queen's spaniel and the king's horse were now convinced that Zadig had stolen them

both, and immediately carried him before the grand desterham, who condemned him to undergo corporal punishment, and to be banished for life. The sentence was scarcely finished when the horse and the spaniel were both found; the judges were then obliged to revoke the sentence; they however condemned Zadig to pay a fine of four hundred ounces of gold for saying he had not seen the animals he described so exactly. He requested permission to plead his cause before the judges; they told him after he had paid the fine he should have leave to speak. He obeyed, and then addressed them as follows:

“ Stars of justice! mirrors of truth! who are deeply skilled in the sciences, who have the weight of lead, the strength of iron, the purity of gold, the hardness and splendour of the diamond; now you have permitted me to speak before your august tribunal, I swear by Oromazes that I have never seen the queen’s respectable spaniel, nor the noble horse belonging to the most glorious sovereign of the earth. The truth is this, I

observed traces on the sand, and could easily distinguish that they were made by a small bitch, as the slight furrows marked on the sand between the impression of the paws must have been caused by her dugs hanging low, by which I concluded she had lately whelped; the sand being also lightly swept along just on the outside of the fore paws, discovered to me that she had very long ears, and as the left fore foot regularly made a much slighter impression than any of the other three, I was convinced she had unfortunately lamed *that* foot.

“ With regard to the horse of our most gracious king, deign to be informed that as I was walking in a path of the wood I observed the marks of horse-shoes at such exact distances that I knew the animal galloped excellently. Where the road was but seven feet in width the dust was brushed from the trees on either side, which proved to me that the tail of the horse, which he had whisked to the right and left, was three feet and a half long. The branches formed an arbour five feet in height, and by the leaves

being newly swept off, I inferred that the horse was five feet high; I perceived that the touchstones which lay in the road were many of them marked by gold and silver; by this I found that the horse had a golden bit, and was shod with silver; I proved the quality of each, and knew their value. Soon after I had made these remarks I met the venerable eunuch and the illustrious chief huntsman."

The judges were amazed at the nice discernment of Zadig; whose speech was reported to their majesties, and nothing was talked of at court but the wisdom of Zadig; the Magi, indeed, said he was a sorcerer, and ought to be burned alive. The king, however, ordered that the four hundred ounces of gold which Zadig had paid should be restored to him. This the officers of *justice* were obliged to do with all due ceremony. They carried to him the four hundred ounces of gold, and an account of the judicial expenses, which amounted to three hundred and ninety-eight *only*; and after they had deducted those with great formality, their

servants humbly demanded the usual fees for themselves. Zadig having paid so dearly for displaying his knowledge, resolved to conceal it in future.

Soon after, a prisoner of state who had made his escape, passed under the windows of Zadig's house. Zadig was examined, but could give no description of the man; yet, as it was proved that he was standing at one of his windows, and looked at the fugitive, he was condemned to pay *five* hundred ounces of gold for that *crime*, and was even obliged, according to the polite custom of Babylon, to return thanks to the judges for their indulgence. Zadig exclaimed mentally, " Good Heaven! how dangerous it is to walk in a wood, or to look out of a window! Alas! how difficult it is to be happy in this world!"

LII. THE ENVIOUS MAN.

Zadig had a house in the suburbs of Babylon elegantly furnished, and resolved to

console himself for the evils he had suffered from Fortune by the enjoyment of philosophy and friendship. In the morning his library was open to the arts and sciences, and in the evening he enjoyed the most brilliant society. Zadig soon found that his learned men were very dangerous guests; they one day entered into a warm argument on the law of Zoroaster concerning the eating of griffins, which is forbidden by that philosopher; one said, "There never was such an animal;" another replied, "If griffins were never created, why should the wise Zoroaster prohibit the eating of them?" "True," said a third, "There certainly must be griffins!" Zadig endeavoured to reconcile them by saying, "If there are griffins, why should we not abstain from eating them? and if they do not exist, we *cannot eat* them; thus either way we may obey Zoroaster."

A learned man who had written thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and who was also the chief theurgite, hastened away to one of the principal magi, named

Yebor, who was the greatest blockhead, and of course the most violent fanatic among the Chaldeans. This man accused Zadig, and would have impaled him in honour of the sun while he repeated the breviary of Zoroaster, with greater satisfaction. Cador, the friend of Zadig, (and a friend is better than a hundred priests,) went to Yebor, and addressed him thus; “ Long live the sun and the griffins! Beware of punishing Zadig; he is a saint; he has griffins in his inner court, and eats them not; his accuser is a heretic, who declares that rabbits have cloven feet and are not unclean.” Yebor, shaking his bald pate, said, “ Well then we must impale Zadig and the chief theurgite both, for their erroneous opinions.” Cador silently took his leave, and engaged the services of a pretty woman who had great interest in the college of the magi, and no one was impaled. Some of the doctors murmured at this lenity, and predicted the fall of Babylon. Zadig said, “ On what does happiness depend? I am persecuted for every thing, even for creatures who do not

exist! I will despise the learned, and for the future keep only the most elegant company."

He assembled at his house the greatest men and the most beautiful ladies of Babylon. His suppers were luxurious; they were enlivened by delightful music and the most animated conversation. Affectation and frivolity were banished from his abode; he preferred the substance to the shadow, both in his guests and his repast, and by that judicious choice acquired more respect than he presumed to hope for.

A man named Arimazes, deformed both in mind and person, lived opposite the house of Zadig; pride, envy, and malice were blended in his malignant heart. Being unsuccessful in his own undertakings, he spitefully sought to avenge himself on all around him by calumniating them in the blackest manner. Arimazes, though extremely rich, found it *extremely* difficult to retain parasites.

The chariots which every evening rolled into the gates of Zadig mortified and tor-

mented Arimazes ; but his envious mind was still more tormented by continually hearing the praises of Zadig : yet sometimes he went to his house, and sat down at his table an uninvited guest, and, like an harpy, seemed to spoil the taste and destroy the conviviality of the banquet. One day he invited a lady to sup with him ; she refused, because engaged that evening with a party at Zadig's. Another time, at court, as he was talking with Zadig, a minister of state came up to them, and invited Zadig to supper without noticing Arimazes. The most implacable hatred seldom springs from a deeper root ; and this man, whom the Babylonians called the *envious*, immediately resolved to ruin Zadig, whom they called the *happy*. The wise Zoroaster says, “ The opportunity of doing mischief occurs a hundred times in a day, but that of doing good but once in a year.”

The envious Arimazes went to visit Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two gentlemen and a lady ; the discourse turned upon a war which the King of Baby-

lon had carried on against the Prince of Hircania, and which he had just terminated happily. Zadig, who had signalized himself by his courage in that short war, bestowed high encomiums on the king, nor did he ungallantly miss any opportunity of praising the lady, perhaps, still higher. He wrote four lines extempore, on a leaf of his pocket-book, which he permitted the fair one to read. His male friends also begged to see them, but knowing that extemporary verses can seldom merit approbation, except from the person in whose honour they are written, modesty, or well-regulated self-love, impelled him to tear the leaf in two, and throw the pieces into a thicket of rose bushes, where the gentlemen sought for them in vain until a slight shower obliged them to return to the house.

Arimazes staid behind to search for the verses, and at last found half the leaf, containing four short lines of injurious reflections on the king; although they had every appearance of the latter part of lines torn

from the beginning, they had a complete meaning. The words ran thus :

to flagrant crimes
his crown he owes,
to peaceful times
the worst of foes.

The envious Arimazes was happy for the first time in his life ; he now had it in his power to ruin a man esteemed for his merit ; with demoniac joy he conveyed these treasonous lines, written in the hand of Zadig, immediately to the king, who ordered his officers to seize Zadig, the two gentlemen and the lady who were with him when he wrote the verses, and convey them all to prison.

The trial was soon ended. As Zadig was going to receive sentence his envious foe told him with a sneer, that his verses were horrid stuff. Zadig did not value himself upon being a good poet, and was not hurt by the spite of Arimazes ; but to be condemned for high treason ! to have his friends

and the lady implicated in his supposed crime! shocked him extremely. He was not suffered to speak in his defence; his writing spoke for him, and he was condemned *unheard!* Such was the law of Babylon! He was conducted to the place of execution through an immense crowd of spectators who feared to express the pity they felt for him, but who earnestly examined his features, to see if he died with fortitude. His relations were inconsolable—because they could not inherit his riches, as three-fourths, being confiscated, went to the royal treasury, and the remainder to the informer.

While Zadig was preparing for his death, a parrot belonging to the king flew from his cage and perched upon a rose-bush in Zadig's garden. A peach which had been blown from off a neighbouring tree was lying in the rose-bush. The parrot caught up the peach, to which a piece of paper adhered, and flying directly to the king, laid the peach and the paper upon his knee. His Majesty read the paper, and found it

contained the beginning of four lines of poetry, but the words had no meaning, he wished for the other part, because he loved poetry—a sure sign that he was a merciful prince; he re-perused them, but could not make any thing of these incoherent words,

Tyrants are prone
To clemency
To concord and
Love only is



The queen recollected that the paper which had condemned Zadig was just like that—it was sent for—they matched exactly, and the king read the verses as they had been written by Zadig:

Tyrants are prone to flagrant crimes,
To clemency *bis* crown he owes;
To concord and to peaceful times
Love only is the worst of foes.

Zadig was immediately released, and orders given to liberate his friends and the lady. He prostrated himself before their

majesties, begged pardon for having made such bad verses, and spoke with so much humility and propriety that they were greatly interested for him, and desired to see him again.

He was not negligent of the honour, and engaged their majesties' attention and favour still more by his wit and good sense. The king obliged the spiteful Arimazes to forfeit to Zadig all his wealth, but Zadig restored it to him immediately: yet this noble act of generosity gave no pleasure to the envious mind of Arimazes, except the selfish one of regaining his estate.

Every day the king's esteem for Zadig increased. He invited him to all his parties of pleasure; he consulted him on the affairs of state. The queen regarded him with such admiration and tenderness that its increase forboded danger to Zadig, herself, the king, and to the state in general. The unſconscious Zadig began to feel that happiness might be attained even here.

L.III. GENEROSITY REWARDED.

It was the custom in Babylon to declare, at the end of every five years, publicly, which of the citizens had performed the most generous action. The time was arrived for celebrating this grand festival. The grandees and the magi were the judges; and the first satrape, who was charged with the government of the city, published the most generous actions which had been performed under his administration. The competition was decided by votes, and the king pronounced the decree. People came from the distant parts of the earth to be present at that solemnity. The victor always received the prize, a golden cup adorned with gems, from the hand of his sovereign, who presented it with these words, "Receive this reward for thy generosity; and may the gods grant me many subjects like thyself!"

On the morning of this memorable day the

king appeared on his throne, attended by the nobles, the magi, and the foreign deputies, who came to this festival, this glorious conquest! not acquired by the fleetness of a horse, or by muscular strength, but by virtue! Although Zadig performed a generous act in restoring the fortune of Arimazes, yet it was not deemed sufficiently noble to render him a candidate for the prize. The first satrape presented the candidates, and audibly proclaimed the acts by which they were supposed worthy of the reward.

The first he introduced was a judge, who, through a mistake, made a citizen lose a cause wrongfully. He was accountable to no one. He alone knew his error; yet he had given up the whole of his *own* estate as a compensation to the citizen for that which he had lost through his error. The estates were of equal value.

The second was a young man who was going to be married to a lady with whom he was deeply enamoured, when he found out that his friend was dying for her. He im-

mediately rescued his friend from the grave by resigning all his pretensions to the lady and her immense fortune, in favour of the despairing lover.

The third was a soldier, who had served in the war against Hircania. The woman whom he adored was seized by a party of the enemy. He fought with intrepidity in her defence, until he beheld another party seize his mother. Duty prevailed. He flew to rescue her, succeeded, and returned to the beautiful object of his love. She was expiring ! He was going to plunge his sword into his agonized heart. His mother caught his arm, called him the only support of her old age, and with tears conjured him to live for her sake ; and for *her* alone he had consented to endure existence.

The judges felt inclined to bestow the reward on the soldier, until the king said, " The three candidates have all acted nobly, but there is nothing surprising in their conduct. Yesterday Zadig performed an action which astonished me. A few days ago I disgraced Coreb, my minister, and

late favourite. I complained of him in the most violent terms. My courtiers assured me I was too gentle, and they vied with each other in speaking ill of Coreb. I asked Zadig what was his opinion of Coreb, and he had the sincerity to commend him. I have read in history of many persons who have atoned for their errors by surrendering their fortunes to those they injured; who have resigned a mistress for the sake of a friend; or who have preferred their mother to the object of their choice; but never did I hear of a courtier who had courage or generosity sufficient to speak to his sovereign in favour of a disgraced minister, with whom that sovereign was highly displeased. Therefore to each of the three candidates whose generous actions have been just related I decree twenty thousand pieces of gold; but the cup I award to Zadig."

"Most noble sovereign," said Zadig, "it is thou alone who deservest the cup, for a conduct the most uncommon and the most generous. Thou, although a powerful king, wast not offended with thy slave

when he presumed to oppose thy anger : thou wouldst *reward* him."

The king and Zadig were equally admired. The names of the three first candidates were enrolled in the catalogue of generous men, and they received twenty thousand pieces of gold each for their reward. Zadig received the cup for his spirited conduct, and the king acquired the reputation of being an excellent prince, but lost it too soon ! The festival was celebrated, this time, longer than the law enjoined, and it is still commemorated in Asia. Zadig said, " At last I am completely happy !" The deception soon vanished.

LIV. THE MINISTER.

The prime minister being dead, his majesty appointed Zadig to succeed him. The ladies applauded the king ; for since the foundation of the empire there had never been so young a prime minister. The courtiers were extremely jealous, particu-

larly Arimazes. A malignant flush crimsoned his face, and envy preyed on his vitals. Zadig, after gratefully thanking their majesties for their favours to him, forgot not to address the parrot. He said, "Beautiful bird! I owe my life to thee, and all the honours I enjoy. The horse and the spaniel caused me unhappiness, but thou hast done me infinite service. Upon what trifles does the fate of man seem to depend! Perhaps the felicity which I at present enjoy may forsake me soon!" "*Soon,*" echoed the parrot. Zadig started at the portentous word: but having a philosophic mind, and not believing that parrots were prophets, he regained his tranquillity, and resolved to perform the duties of his station to the satisfaction of his conscience.

He caused every one to be amenable to the sacred authority of the laws, but suffered no one to bend beneath the weight of his own dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan: every vizier gave his opinion freely, without the dread

of incurring the minister's displeasure. When judgment was to be given, the law seemed to pronounce it, not Zadig; and whenever he thought the laws were too severe, he endeavoured to soften their rigour; and in cases which did not come within their jurisdiction, his decisions seemed those of Zoroaster himself.

The nation is indebted to Zadig for the noble principle that it is better even to spare the guilty than to run the least hazard of punishing the innocent; for it was his opinion that the laws were made to protect mankind from injuries, as well as to punish them for crimes; and he exerted his talents, from the beginning of his administration, to discover the truths which too many strive to conceal.

A respectable merchant of Babylon died at India; and having disposed of his only daughter in marriage, he divided his estate between his two sons, but left an extra thirty thousand pieces of gold as a legacy to the son who loved him the best. The eldest

erected a monument to the memory of his father. The youngest gave his sister a part of his inheritance to increase her fortune.

Every one said that the eldest son loved his father best, and the youngest his sister. Zadig sent for them both. He first gave audience to the eldest, and said, "Thy father is not dead. He recovered from his last illness, and is on his way to Babylon." The son replied, "Heaven be praised! But I have been at a considerable expence for his tomb." Zadig spoke in the same manner to the youngest son, who exclaimed, "God be praised! I will immediately restore to my father all which I possess; but I hope he will permit my sister to enjoy what I have given to her." Zadig said, "Thou hast no cause to make any restoration, and art entitled to the thirty thousand pieces of gold, for thou art the son who loved his father best."

A young lady of great fortune was beloved by two magi, so equal to her that she knew not which to choose. At length she told them that she would marry him who

was most capable of rendering his children good subjects to the state, and that Zadig should decide for her. The two magi appeared before him. Zadig said to one, "In what manner wilt thou instruct thy sons?" The doctor replied, "I will teach them the eight parts of speech, logic, astrology, pneumatics, what is meant by substance and accident, abstract and concrete, the doctrine of the monodes, and the pre-established harmony."—"And wilt thou," said Zadig to the other, "teach thy children as much?"—"I," said the second, humbly, "will endeavour to give them a true sense of justice, and to render them worthy the friendship of good men." Zadig said to the magi who spoke last, "Thou art deserving of the lady, for thy children will do most honour to the state."

LV. DISPUTES AND AUDIENCES.

Zadig appeared the happiest man in the world. He daily evinced the brilliancy of

his genius, and the goodness of his heart ; he acquired the admiration and love of the people ; his name was celebrated throughout the empire. The ladies were captivated with his fine figure ; the men extolled him for his justice. The learned considered him as an oracle ; the priests confessed that he was wiser than the old archmagi Yebor ; and so far were they *now* from persecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed only in what he thought was probable.

For fifteen hundred years two sects in Babylon had maintained a violent contest. One said it was proper to enter the Temple of Mytra with the right foot foremost ; the other insisted that it should be with the left foot foremost ; and both sects impatiently expected the day on which the festival of the sacred fire was to be celebrated, to see which of them Zadig would favour. The people were all in suspense and perturbation. The day arrived, and every eye was fixed on the feet of Zadig. He placed them close together, and jumped into the tem-

ple. He then proved, in an eloquent discourse, that the Creator of the universe examined only the *hearts* of mankind, not the motion of their feet as they stepped into the temple.

The envious Arimazes and his wife agreed that Zadig's discourse wanted genius and spirit, that it displayed no beautiful imagery, no rocks and mountains flying in the air, seas dashing to the sky, stars falling, and the sun melting, according to the true oriental style. Zadig chose the style of reason. Many favoured him, not for his real merit, but because he was the prime minister; and many hated him merely for the same reason.

The black and the white magi had also disputed for a length of time. The former asserted that God was deaf to the petitions of those who turned toward the west in summer, when they addressed him; and the latter maintained that it was impious to pray with their faces turned toward the east in winter. Zadig happily terminated this difference by convincing them that God was

omnipresent, and that at all seasons every man might turn which way he pleased, to be *heard*, if he prayed with *true* devotion.

Zadig devoted his mornings to public and private affairs, in which he was always successful. The middle of the day he employed himself in superintending and promoting the embellishments of Babylon. In the evening he caused tragedies to be exhibited, which drew tears from the spectators, and comedies which excited their laughter. His excellent taste induced him to revive dramatic performances, which had been long neglected: he encouraged artists by rewards and honours, was never jealous of their talents, nor pretended to be a greater proficient in the fine arts than the masters themselves. The king was extremely entertained with Zadig's conversation; the queen was enchanted. The former would exclaim, "Great minister!" The latter, "Amiable Zadig!" Then both would add, "Ah, what a misfortune to the state if this man had been executed!"

Never was a minister obliged to give so many audiences to the ladies. They were continually requesting the advice of Zadig about affairs of great consequence, or of no consequence at all, that they might have the pleasure of conversing with him. The wife of his enemy Arimazes came also. *She* swore by Mitra, by Zenda, Vesta, and by the sacred fire, that she abhorred her husband; called him a jealous brute, and, in confidence, gave Zadig a complete list of *his* faults and *her* sorrows; and in the violent emotions caused by the fatal retrospection she dropped a very beautiful garter. Zadig was too delicate to notice the mischance. The lady was amazed, and offended at his inattention. After a time she took up her garter unobserved, and went away, deeply reflecting on the best manner of avenging herself for the extreme rudeness of Zadig.

The secret annals of Babylon pretend that he was rather gallant with a tender Babylonian who was maid of honour to the queen; but the fair one herself was rather puzzled at the inconsistency of his behav-

ious, and asked the opinion of her intimate friend, the wife of Arimazes. The maid of honour told her that Zadig was so confused about the multiplicity of state affairs, that they interrupted all the fine speeches he attempted to say to her, who was his favourite. "Yes," added the lady; "he sometimes starts suddenly, and exclaims, 'The queen!' Perhaps he means my queen. Then he will cry, 'Astarte! May be he would say that I am more beautiful than the queen Astarte, for he has made me a liberal present.'" The wife said to herself, "He would not deign even to pick up this garter! I detest it! I will never wear it again!" She threw it out of her hand. The maid of honour exclaimed, "Is this beautiful garter yours? It is exactly like those the queen wears." The provoked lady reflected seriously at this hint, and without replying went immediately to consult her husband, the envious Arimazes.

Zadig was uneasy. When he gave audience, when he sat in judgment, his thoughts wandered from the subject on

which they ought to have fixed ; and this absence of mind distressed him excessively.

He dreamed that after having lain for some time upon a heap of dry and prickly furze, which he found very uneasy, he reposed on soft and fragrant rose leaves, from which issued a serpent, who with his forked and envenomed tongue wounded him to the heart. He awoke and said, " Alas ! I lay long on the dry and thorny furze, and now repose upon the bed of roses : but what means the serpent ? "

LVI. JEALOUSY.

Zadig conversed every day with the king and Astarte. The desire of pleasing gave those embellishments to his mind that an elegant taste in dress bestows upon beauty. These charms, added to his youth and graceful form, imperceptibly made an impression on Astarte. Love grew and flourished in the bosom of innocence. Without

scruple or apprehension did the amiable queen indulge the satisfaction of seeing and hearing a man so dear to her sovereign and to the nation in general. She praised him freely to the king; she talked of him among her ladies: they continued the theme with new encomiums. Thus every thing conspired to sharpen the arrow, and guide it insensibly to the heart of the queen. She designed that her presents to Zadig should prove her royal liberality; she discovered not that they were pledges of affection: and when she thought she addressed herself to him as a queen, she had no idea that her expressions and looks confessed love.

Astarte was far more beautiful than Semira or Azora. Her engaging familiarity, tender expressions, at which she sometimes blushed, her looks, which she in vain endeavoured to fix on other objects, inspired Zadig with a passion that alarmed him. He struggled to repel it; he summoned philosophy, that cure for other evils, to his aid, but it had lost its power. Duty, gratitude,

violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind as avenging gods; yet with all his prudence, short were the victories which he obtained over himself, and his ill-success rendered him wretched. His conversation grew constrained and incoherent; the serenity of his countenance was clouded; his eyes were bent toward the ground. When he spoke to the queen, his conversation had lost the charm of unembarrassed fluency. If involuntarily their eyes met, each beheld the fire of love checked by the tears of anguish. They seemed to say, "We adore one another, yet dare not own it. We are consumed by a passion which we both condemn."

In the agonizing pangs of his mind Zadig betrayed the cause of his sufferings to his friend Cador, who said, "I have long discovered the sentiments thou hast endeavoured to conceal from thyself. The symptoms of love are infallible; and since I could read thy heart, reflect, my dear Zadig, that the king may as easily discover in it what will give him great offence. He has


no fault but jealousy. Thou, the philosophic Zadig, hast sufficient fortitude to control thy passions ; but Astarte is a woman ; she loves, and suffers her eyes to confess it. Guilt is cautious: conscious innocence renders the queen too careless of appearances. Were you actually criminal, you would both be more prudent, and deceive the world."

Zadig started at the idea of guilt. Never would he betray his king and benefactor ! nor indeed had he ever more reason to glory in his fidelity to his sovereign than since he loved Astarte.

The king could not continue insensible to his queen's partiality for Zadig. She talked of him incessantly ; received him with blushes and downcast looks ; was one minute all animation, the next silent and confused. When he retired, forgetting the presence of the king, sadness gloomed her features. Moabdar was troubled: he observed too much, and imagined more. Even trifles were remarked. Zadig wore a yellow turban ; so did Astarte. His shoes

were blue, and hers of the same colour. The whole court had made similar observations. They knew that the queen loved Zadig, and that the king was jealous. The officious slaves to royal caprice alarmed his delicacy and strengthened his suspicions, which the spiteful wife of Arimazes confirmed by presenting her garter, exactly like the queen's, to his majesty, and swearing that she had picked it up in Zadig's apartment. The fatal garter was also *blue*. Moabdar was convinced, and resolved to poison the queen, and strangle Zadig the next morning. A merciless eunuch, the executioner of his acts of vengeance, was ordered to prepare the cup and bowstring by an appointed hour.

A dwarf who was actually dumb, although not deaf, happened to be in the king's apartment, unnoticed, when the fatal orders were given. The little mute was struck with horror by the cruel words, as he was greatly attached to the queen and Zadig. He could neither speak nor write to warn them of their doom, but he could



paint. He immediately sketched out a piece which represented, in one part, the king, in a terrible rage, giving orders to the eunuch. On a table was seen blue garters, yellow turbans, a bowl, and a bowstring. In the foreground, the queen was expiring in the arms of her ladies, and Zadig, strangled, lying at her feet. The horizon was crimsoned by the rising sun, to denote the time when the dreadful scene would take place. The resemblances were striking. He finished it at a late hour; and as, from his insignificance, he had free access to the apartments, he found an opportunity of presenting it to the queen.

At midnight Zadig was awakened. The dwarf had brought him a note from the queen. He thought himself still in a dream. He opened the billet with a trembling hand, and read these words: "Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our yellow turbans and our mutual love! We have not been *guilty*, yet we are condemned to *die* like *criminals*! Fly this instant, or thou wilt perish by the bowstring!"

The consternation and despair of Zadig, in reading those words of horror, is inexpressible. He sent for Cador, and in speechless agony gave him the note. Cador said,

“ Prove thy love by thy obedience, and immediately set off for Memphis. Wert thou rashly to seek the queen, thou wouldst precipitate her death; and for thee to speak to the king in this agonized state, would be ruin to both. Rely on my endeavours to preserve her life, if thou wilt secure thine. I will spread a report that thou hast taken the road to India. I will follow thee to Memphis very soon, and tell thee what shall have passed in Babylon.”

Cador told a slave to choose two of the fleetest dromedaries, and bring them to a private gate. Zadig, silent, passive, expiring with grief, was placed upon a dromedary; one of his domestics mounted the other; and Zadig was soon lost to the sight of Cador, while he stood oppressed with sorrow for his valued friend.

When the amiable fugitive arrived on an

eminence which commanded a view of the city, he turned his sad looks toward the queen's palace, and fainted. When restored to his senses he wished for death, while tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks. At length he exclaimed,


“ O, Virtue, how hast thou rewarded me! How strange is human life! Two women basely, ungratefully deceived me; a third, more beautiful—a queen—whose soul is unsullied by a fault, must die! must be *executed* for me! My best deeds seem but sources of calamity! I have been raised to a summit of greatness, to be hurled into the abyss of despair!”

With his soul filled with gloomy reflections, the pallid hue of death on his face, and the dark mist of sorrow before his eyes, he pursued his journey toward Egypt.

LVII. A WOMAN BEATEN.

Zadig directed his course by the stars. The constellation of Orion and the splendid Dog-star guided him toward the pole of Canopœa. He admired the brilliancy of those orbs of light, he contemplated their immensity. He then reflected that our world, which appears to us so magnificent, is but an undistinguished speck in nature, a mole-hill inhabited by insects; some of which destroy the others. This consideration of his own insignificancy, and the insignificancy of Babylon, seemed for a moment to annihilate his misfortunes; and his soul, detached from corporeal feelings, seemed launched into infinity to contemplate the immutable order of the universe.

But soon returning into his own breast, his first idea was that perhaps Astarte had died for him. The whole universe vanished. He beheld nothing in the vast compass



of nature but Astarte dead, and Zadig miserable !

He had not long descended from sublime philosophy to the depth of sublunary grief when his attention was roused by the screams of a woman, whom he perceived running from a man who was pursuing her. Zadig had sent his faithful domestic with the dromedaries to the first village on the frontiers of Egypt, to seek for a lodging, while he followed on foot. When the man overtook the woman, she fell down and embraced his knees, weeping piteously : yet the furious madman redoubled his blows and his reproaches, by which Zadig discovered that he was jealous ; and by the lady's solicitations for pardon, that she had been unfaithful.

When she turned to supplicate him for protection he perceived that she was exquisitely beautiful, and greatly resembled Astarte, which gave the unhappy woman an additional claim to his compassion, and inspired him with greater abhorrence for the fanatic Egyptian. She cried to Zadig,

“ O stranger ! save my life ! preserve me from this barbarian ! ”

Zadig threw himself between them ; and as he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, addressed the man in that tongue.

“ If thou art not devoid of humanity, respect her beauty, and the delicacy of her frame. How canst thou behave so barbarously to such a masterpiece of nature, who lies at thy feet without any defence but her tears ? ”

“ O, ho ! *thou* art one of her lovers also ! I will avenge myself on thee too. ”

The Egyptian immediately quitted the lady, whom he had held by the hair, and ran at Zadig with his lance : but he caught hold of it near the head, and in the struggle to wrest it from each other it was broken. The Egyptian then drew his sword : Zadig did the same. The Egyptian fought furiously : Zadig parried his thrusts with great skill. The lady sat down on a bank, and arranged her beautiful tresses while she observed the combat. The calm-

ness of Zadig enabled him soon to disarm the powerful and furious Egyptian, who drew his poinard, and wounded his generous conqueror in the moment he was offering him life and pardon. Zadig, provoked by such unmanly treachery, stabbed the Egyptian, who expired instantly.

Zadig approached the lady, and said, in gentle accents,

“ He *compelled* me to kill him. I have avenged thy cause, and delivered thee from the most violent man I ever saw. What farther assistance can I give thee ?”

“ Monster ! thou hast killed my lover ! Die, villain, die ! O that I could tear out thy heart !”

“ Truly, madam, thy *lover* had a strange way of expressing his *tenderness*. He beat thee with all his strength, and would have killed me because thou claimedst my protection.”

“ I wish he were beating me still : I deserved it for making him jealous. Oh, I gave him too much cause to be so ! Would

to heaven he could beat me now, and that thou wert lying dead instead of him !”

“ Beautiful as thou art, yet, madam, I cannot but scorn thee for thy caprice and ingratitude.”

Zadig walked on toward the village, but had not gone many steps before he heard the noise of galloping behind him, and beheld four Babylonian couriers advancing with speed toward the lady. He heard one of them say,

“ It is the very person ! she answers the description exactly.”

They seized the lady immediately. She called out to Zadig,

“ O, generous stranger ! rescue me once more ! I beg pardon for my ingratitude : deliver me now, and I will be thine for ever.”

“ Apply to one who has not been wounded already for thee : I can fight no longer in thy defence ; I require assistance myself for my bleeding wound.”

He hastened toward the village, not only

to have his wound dressed, but also to avoid, if possible, the Babylonians, who caused him some apprehensions lest they should have been sent in pursuit of him by Moabdar ; yet he could no more comprehend why they should seize the fair Egyptian than he could comprehend her capricious behaviour.

LVIII. SLAVERY.

Zadig no sooner entered the village than he was surrounded by people, who said,

“ This is the man who assassinated Clitosis, and carried off the beautiful Missouf.”

Zadig said, “ Heaven defend me from carrying off your beautiful Missouf ; she is too whimsical for *me* ; and as to Clitosis, I assure you, gentlemen, I killed him honourably in my own defence.”

He then gave them the particulars of the rencontre, and continued :

“ I am a stranger : I came to seek refuge in Egypt, and I certainly should not have

endeavoured to insure your protection by carrying off a lady and assassinating a man."

The Egyptians were humane. They conducted Zadig to the town-hall, ordered his wound to be carefully dressed, and then he and his servant were examined apart. It was proved that Zadig was not an assassin; but as he was found guilty of killing a man, the law condemned him to slavery. His two dromedaries were sold for the benefit of the town; all the gold he had about him was distributed among the inhabitants, and himself and his domestic were exposed for sale in the market-place. They were both purchased by an Arabian merchant named Setoc, who paid a much higher price for the servant, as he was fitter for labour than the master, and considered more valuable. Thus poor Zadig became a slave inferior to his servant. Chained together, they followed the Arabian to his house. On the way, Zadig exhorted his faithful domestic to have patience, and said every thing likely to comfort him in such a situation. He then moralized, as usual, on the

vicissitudes of human life, and said to his companion,

“ Alas ! my unhappy fate seems to influence thine ! The events of my life have been very uncommon. I paid a fine for having observed the traces of a horse and a spaniel ; and another, heavier still, because a state prisoner, who had escaped, passed my window while I was standing at it ; I had like to be impaled on account of a griffin ; I was brought even to the place of execution for writing some verses in praise of the king ; I have been condemned to the bowstring, because the queen chose to wear a yellow turban ; and now we are both doomed to slavery because I rescued a woman from a brute who was beating her. However, let us not despair : the Arabian merchants must treat their slaves well if they expect any advantage from them ; and if it is necessary for merchants to have slaves, why should not I be one as well as any other man ? ”

While Zadig expressed himself thus, his

heart was totally occupied by the fate of Astarte.

Two days after Setoc made his purchase he set out for Arabia the Desert with his slaves and his camels. Setoc prized the servant of Zadig far above the master, because he was much more useful to him in placing the merchandize on the camels. The journey was long and toilsome; and two days before they arrived at Oreb, near which the tribe of Setoc resided, one of the camels died, and his burthen was equally divided among the slaves. Zadig had his full share; for if any distinction was made, it was always in favour of his domestic, who was expert and active. Setoc laughed to see all his slaves bend down beneath their loads. Zadig took the liberty to inform him of the cause, and explain the effects of balance. The merchant was surprised, and listened attentively to Zadig, who finding that he excited the curiosity of his master, proceeded to acquaint him with many things relative to commerce, the properties of useful animals, and with the means of

rendering many others useful which have not generally been reckoned so. Setoc was interested by the discourse of Zadig, whom he now regarded as sage, treated him as a companion, and had no reason to repent that change in his favour.

When Setoc arrived among his tribe, he demanded payment of five hundred ounces of silver which he had lent to a Jew before two witnesses, but as they were both dead he could not prove the debt, and the Hebrew resolved to cheat the Arab. Setoc related the affair to Zadig, who said, "In what place didst thou lend the silver to the Jew?"

"Upon a large stone which lies near Mount Oreb."

"What is the character of thy debtor?"

"That of a knave."

"I mean is he spirited or phlegmatic, cautious or precipitate?"

"He is the most impetuous fellow I ever knew."

"Permit me then to plead thy cause."

Setoc readily consented.

Zadig summoned the Jew to the tribunal, and thus addressed the judge: "Pillar of the throne of equity, I come in the name of my master Setoc to demand five hundred ounces of silver, which he has refused to repay."

The judge said, "Hast thou any witnesses?"

"The two merchants before whom it was lent are dead; but there remains the large stone on which the silver was weighed; please your lordship to order that stone to be brought before the tribunal, it will bear witness. The Hebrew and I will stay until it arrives; I will send for it at my master's expense."

The judge consented, and applied himself to the decision of other causes. Before he broke up the court he asked Zadig if the stone was arrived. The Jew said impatiently, "Your lordship may wait long for *that*, it is six miles off, and too heavy for fifteen persons to remove."

Zadig said to the judge, "Now, my lord, the stone is a witness that the silver was lent

upon it; the Jew cannot deny it any longer."

The judge was convinced, and ordered the debtor to be chained to the stone until he paid the five hundred ounces of silver. The Hebrew, greatly disconcerted at his inadvertency, confessed the truth, and paid the debt. Setoc was delighted with the happy issue of this affair, and the slave Zadig gained great repute in Arabia.

LIX. THE FUNERAL PILE.

Zadig now found himself more the intimate friend of Setoc than his slave, and flattered himself that as he had no wife his friendship would be more lasting than the king Moabdar's. Setoc was a man of strict probity, of an excellent disposition, and good natural understanding; but Zadig grieved to find that he adored the sun, moon, and stars, according to the ancient custom of the Arabians, and sometimes ventured, with great prudence and delicacy, to

speak to him upon the subject ; he mentioned them as a part of the creation, no more deserving adoration than the trees and rocks. Setoc said, “ Surely they are immortal beings from whom we derive all the blessings we enjoy. They animate nature, regulate the seasons, and shine in sublime splendour so far above us that we cannot help adoring them.”

“ My revered master, thou derivest more advantage from the waves of the Red Sea which bear thy merchandize to the Indies ; they flow from the ocean, more ancient than the planets ; if thou adorest them for their stupendous height and resplendent lustre, the Creator is far more exalted, far more glorious.”

Setoc remained silent and thoughtful. At night Zadig lighted a number of torches in the tent where they were to sup, and the moment Setoc entered he prostrated himself before them, and exclaimed, “ O ! eternal and brilliant luminaries ! be propitious to me ! ” Setoc, of whom he had not taken

the least notice, was amazed at the illumination and at Zadig's address, and said,

“ What art thou about, Zadig ? ”

“ Imitating thee. I adore these luminous bodies, and neglect my duty to *their* master and *mine*.”

Setoc comprehended the apologue; the excellent lessons of his slave penetrated his soul; he ceased to offer incense to the creatures, and fervently adored the eternal God by whom they were created.

There reigned a horrible custom at that time in Arabia, which had originated in Scythia, and, supported by the Bramins, was extending over the East. When a married man died, his loving wife aspired to glory by consuming herself with the body of her husband, and those tribes were the most respected who could boast of the greatest number of widows who had devoted themselves to the flames. A man of the tribe of Setoc died, and his young widow declared her intention of expiring on the funeral pile of her dear husband.

Zadig remonstrated with his master against

the shocking custom. He represented how inconsistent it was with the interest and happiness of mankind to suffer young widows who might give subjects to a state, or those of maturer years whose maternal duties called upon them to exist for the offspring of the husband they lament.

Setoc replied, "It is more than a thousand years since the women have maintained the prerogative of burning themselves, and who shall dare to debar them of a right which time has rendered sacred?"

"Reason and humanity make it thy duty to endeavour at least to abolish a practice so truly barbarous; I conjure thee to argue with the chiefs of the tribes, and I will persuade the young widow to give up her fatal design."

Zadig was introduced to the fair Almona, and, not being a stranger to the general character of the sex, strove to engage her attention by complimenting her beauty, and then pathetically lamented that such an assemblage of charms was to be devoted to the flames. Then he exclaimed, "What forti-

tude! what constancy! to what an excess of fondness thou must have loved thine husband!"

"Loved him! Not I indeed. He was an old, frightful, tormenting, jealous brute; yet I am resolved to expire on his funeral pile."

"What! merely for the ecstatic pleasure of being burned alive?"

"O no! the idea makes me shudder—but I will be heroic; I am devotee to the custom, and should lose all my reputation and be despised by the world if I did not sacrifice myself on the funeral pile of widowhood; that will render my memory glorious!"

Zadig soon convinced her of the absurdity of consuming herself, in the pride of youth and beauty, from vanity, not affection to the deceased, to gain the good opinion of a few, and praises she would never hear. He then displayed the blessing of life in such a forcible manner that the fair widow became at last in love with life and its eloquent advocate both together, and when he

asked her how she intended to dispose of herself if she relinquished the vain folly of burning herself, she replied with sincerity, " Alas ! thou hast prevailed on me to live ; and now, to render my life agreeable, I believe I would prevail on thee to be the husband of Almona."

This abrupt declaration distressed Zadig, whose heart was too faithfully devoted to the memory of Astarte to endure even the idea of another attachment ; he therefore, as gracefully as he could, eluded a direct answer, took his leave, and went immediately to the chiefs, to whom he told all which he thought necessary, and persuaded them to make a law that no widow should be permitted to sacrifice herself on the funeral pile before she had listened for an hour at least to the arguments of a young man against the unnatural custom. The law was made ; and from that time not one widow has consumed herself. Thus were they indebted to the good sense of Zadig for the abolition, in one day, of a barbarous custom which had for a thousand years disgraced Arabia.

LX. THE SUPPER.

Setoc, who hated to be absent from his sensible companion, took him to the great fair at Balsora, to which the richest merchants from all parts of the world resorted. Zadig beheld with pleasure so many men of different countries amicably assembled in one place. The universe sat down to supper like one family. Zadig was placed near an Egyptian, a Grecian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Celtic, an Indian, and several other strangers, who, from their frequent journies to Arabia, had acquired sufficient knowledge of the Arabic to converse tolerably. The Egyptian appeared to be greatly displeased, and at length said, "What an illiberal country is Balsora! I cannot obtain here a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world."

Setoc said in great surprise, "Is it possible? On what security have they refused thee that sum?"

“ On the body of my aunt. She was one of the most excellent women in Egypt; she always accompanied me on my journies. Alas! she fell sick on the road, and died! I have made her one of the most beautiful mummies in the world; and in Egypt I could raise any sum I pleased by giving my dear, respectable aunt for a pledge.”

He was going to help himself to part of a fine fowl, when the Indian, taking his hand, exclaimed with looks of horror, “ Ah! what art thou about?”

The Egyptian, disengaging his hand, said calmly, “ I am going to eat a bit of this nice fowl.”

“ O! inhuman nephew! wilt thou run the hazard of eating thy poor dear aunt?”

“ My aunt?”

“ Yes, surely; her soul transmigrated, perhaps, into the body of this fowl; and it is against nature for thee to eat it.”

“ What canst thou mean by nature, the fowl, and my aunt! She is a beautiful mummy, and we Egyptians adore a bull.” This confession of his faith led to a discourse

concerning the various religions of the party.

The Indian extolled his Brama, the Chaldean his beautiful fish Oannes, with a human head and a golden tail, who for three hours every day came out of the water to preach divinely on the shore; the man of Cathay said he had a great respect for Brama, the bull Apis, and the beautiful fish Oannes, but yet he thought that Tien was superior to all the Bramas, bulls, and fishes in the world, and his country was larger than Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies put together. The Grecian told them that Chaos was the author of all things, and form and matter harmonized the world; the Grecian was interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank deeply while the rest were disputing, imagined that he could speak more to the purpose than any of them, swore that nothing but Teutath and the misletoe of the oak were worth talking about, declared that the Scythians, his ancestors, although they had sometimes eaten human flesh, deserved to be held in high

estimation as the first men of merit who had appeared in the world; he concluded by swearing that he always carried some misletoe in his pocket, and that if any one dared to speak ill of Teutath (Mercury) he would avenge him. The disputants began to grow warm, and Setoc feared a serious quarrel would ensue.

Zadig arose, and addressing himself to the Celtic, who was the most violent, told him he had reason on his side, and begged a sprig of his misletoe. He then complimented the Grecian on his eloquence, and rendered them all calm by degrees. Having done this, he said, "You were going to quarrel without cause, my friends, for you are all in *reality* of one mind." They looked much surprised. Turning to the Celtic, he asked, "Dost thou adore the misletoe, or he who made both the misletoe and the oak?"

"The maker, undoubtedly;" replied the Celtic.

"And thou, worthy Egyptian, adorest in the bull Apis the creator of bulls?"

"Certainly;" replied the Egyptian.

Zadig continued, "The fish Oannes must also yield to him who made the sea and the fishes. The Indian, the Cathaian, acknowledge a first principle, as does also the eloquent Grecian, who I know admits of a superior being by whom all things are governed; therefore, agreeing on the most essential point, let all animosity cease."

The company, in amity with each other, embraced Zadig for reconciling them, and Setoc, who had disposed of his merchandise to great advantage, returned home with his friend Zadig.

LXI. THE RENDEZVOUS.

During Setoc's journey to Balsora, the Priests of the Stars had come to a determination to punish Zadig for disappointing them of the valuable ornaments worn by the young widows when they sacrifice themselves on the funeral pile; for the priests always considered gold and gems too precious to be lost, and preserved *them* carefully,

while they beheld the flames arising to *consume* the beautiful *wearer*. Zadig, by his officious zeal for the widows, had exasperated the priests so much that they accused him of saying that the stars did not set in the sea ; a blasphemy which made the judges tremble, and they immediately condemned Zadig to be consumed by a slow fire.

Setoc was in despair. He employed all his interest to save Zadig, but alas ! without success. Almona loved her life too well not to be anxious concerning the fate of him who had preserved it, and resolved to evince her gratitude by exerting every possible means to save him from a similar death. The next day was appointed for his execution—no time was to be lost—she hastened to put in practice a scheme which she had formed.

The beautiful Almona dressed herself in the most elegant and becoming manner, and entreated a private audience of the chief priest, and being admitted, thus addressed the venerable man, “ Eldest son of the great Bear, brother to the Bull, and cousin to the

Dog*, my heart is oppressed with scruples; I fear that I am guilty of a heinous crime in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband. Why should I preserve this wasting form?—behold these withered arms.”

She rolled up her silken sleeve to her shoulder, and displayed a finely-turned arm, white and dimpled. The priest exclaimed, “ I swear by the splendid Dog-star that I never beheld so beautiful an arm !” A veil by which she was partially concealed fell off, and discovered the most brilliant charms; a complexion of dazzling whiteness was animated by nature’s loveliest blush, the fire of her large black eyes was softened by an enchanting languor, her nose was exquisitely shaped, the Arabian Sea could not produce more beautiful coral and pearl than adorned her lovely mouth, and never was a bosom so charming. The *old* man wished himself a *young* one, and Almona, observing that

* Titles of the Chief Priest of the Stars.

he gazed at her with rapture, entreated him to pardon Zadig. He replied with a sigh, "Alas! sweet rose of beauty! my pardon will be of no service unless three of my brethren will subscribe to it."

"Do thou sign it, however."

"I will, my phoenix of Arabia, if thou wilt love me."

"I will not be ungrateful. When the bright star of Sheat appears in the horizon honour my abode by thy presence."

She left the priest in extacies: he devoted the remainder of the day in vain endeavours to make himself look young and handsome.

Almona went to the second priest, and behaved to him in the same manner. He swore that the splendour of her charms eclipsed the brilliancy of all the luminaries of heaven; and for the reward of her love signed the pardon of Zadig. She appointed him to visit her when the star Algenib should arise. She then proceeded to the two priests next in dignity, found them equally susceptible of the power of beauty,

obtained their signature on promising each to receive his visit at the rising of a particular star. When she went home she sent immediately to the judges of the tribes, and entreated them to come to her house at an appointed hour. They obeyed the summons. She shewed them the signatures, and told them on what conditions the four Chief Priests of the Stars had sold the pardon for Zadig.

The priests were exact to their appointment; they were surprised at meeting each other, but much more so at beholding the judges, before whom they had the mortification of being disgraced.

Setoc was so charmed with the conduct of Almona, that he married her. Zadig, whom he had previously restored to liberty, determined immediately to quit Arabia. He threw himself at the feet of Setoc and his fair preserver, to thank them for their goodness to him. Their parting was affectionate. Setoc and Zadig swore a lasting friendship for each other; and that if either should acquire riches, they should be ren-

dered equally beneficial to both. Zadig journeyed toward the frontiers of Syria, musing on his adored and unfortunate Astarte, and sometimes reflecting on the severity of his fate, which, after all his other escapes, should now have exposed him to the danger of being burned alive, because he humanely saved the lives of the Arabian widows!

LXII. THE ROBBER.

Just as Zadig arrived at the frontiers which divide Arabia Petræa from Syria, a party of armed Arabs rushed out of a castle and surrounded him, exclaiming,

“ Stop! thy property is ours, and thy person belongs to our master.”

Zadig drew his sword: his servant did the same, and they resisted with great spirit. Several of the Arabs fell before them. But the contest was two men against a numerous band, and such a combat cannot last for any length of time.

The chief of the band observed, from a window of the castle, the extraordinary valour of Zadig. He descended immediately, and put a stop to the combat. Arbogad, for so the chief was called, thus addressed Zadig :

“ Heroic stranger, I revere thy undaunted courage, and will exempt thee from the fate of all travellers who pass over my lands. Thou shalt be my companion.”

He conducted Zadig to his castle, and desired his men to take care of the servant, while he sat down to supper with Zadig.

The lord of the castle was an Arabian robber, who blended many good qualities among his bad. He plundered with avidity, and he was liberal in his gifts. He was courageous in the combat, yet gentle in his manners. He was a voluptuary at his table, but extremely gay and candid in his conversation, and was delighted with Zadig, who sustained his part of the discourse with great vivacity. After a long repast, Arbogad said,

“ I wish thou wouldest join my party : thou mayest in time be the chief, as I am.”

“ May I ask how long thou hast followed this brave profession ?”

“ From my youth. I was then servant to a good sort of an Arab, but thought my situation insupportable. I was in despair, because I had no share in the land which ought to be divided into just proportions among men. I complained of my hard fate to an old Arab, who said, ‘ My son, do not despair. In former days a grain of sand lamented the rigour of its fate to be only an insignificant atom, neglected in the desert. In time it became a diamond, and is now the brightest gem in the crown of India’s monarch.’ These words sunk deep in my mind, I thought myself the grain of sand, and wished to become a diamond. I commenced my occupation by stealing two horses, joining with some companions, and plundering small caravans ; thus I lessened the disproportion between myself and others, and began to grow rich ; Fortune

repaid me with interest for the hardships I had suffered, I became captain of my party, and was respected. I seized on this castle, which is almost impregnable. The Satrape of Syria wanted to take it from me, but I was too rich to fear him. I gave him money, and he not only suffered me to keep my castle and enlarge my domains, but appointed me to be treasurer of the tribute which Arabia Petræa pays to the greatest of kings; I receive it faithfully and *keep* it securely. The great Desterham of Babylon sent, in the name of the king Moabdar, a petty Satrape with orders to strangle me. I suffered him to enter with the four men who were appointed to draw the bow-string, had them strangled before his face, and then demanded what he was to gain by my death. He replied that his fees would have been three hundred pieces of gold. I made him understand clearly that he would gain much more by residing with me; I made him a subaltern in my band, and he is now one of my bravest and richest officers; believe me thou wilt succeed as he has done; never was there

a better time for plunder, for Moabdar is dead, and Babylon a scene of confusion."

"How! Moabdar dead!" exclaimed Zaidig; "and what is become of his queen Astarte?"

"I cannot tell; all I know is that Moabdar lost his senses, was killed, and that Babylon is in a state of desolation. Some capital strokes may be struck now the empire is in such a terrible situation; I have already performed wonders."

"But the queen! I conjure thee to tell me all that thou knowest concerning the fate of the queen Astarte?"

"If she was not killed in the tumults, perhaps she may be in the seraglio of the Prince of Hyrcania. I think I heard some talk to that purpose, but I seek after booty, not news. I have taken some women in my excursions, and sold them to the merchants without asking who they were; rank fetches nothing, beauty a good price; no one will bid for an ugly queen. If she was handsome, perhaps I may have sold the Queen of Babylon; or perhaps she is dead; what sig-

nifies? I suppose thou carest as little for her as I do. Drink, drink, brave stranger."

Zadig, not being able to gain any further information from Arbogad, remained silent, oppressed, and motionless, while the gay Arab, elevated by repeated goblets of wine, related many of his adventures, declared that he was the happiest man in the world, and earnestly exhorted Zadig to embrace the means of rendering himself as happy. At length, being overcome by the wine, Arbogad slept profoundly, while poor Zadig passed the night in grief and agitation; he exclaimed, "Gracious heaven! did the King of Babylon become mad! was he murdered! Alas! his fate excites my pity, cruel as he was to Astarte. Babylon desolated and stained with blood! and Arbogad, a robber, is happy! O fortune! O destiny! the most lovely, most amiable creature that Nature ever formed, perhaps has been destroyed in some dreadful manner! or if she lives, may suffer more than the most cruel death! sold to dishonour by this plundering Arab, per-

haps, and yet *he* is *happy*! O Astarte! what has happened to thee?"

Zadig arose at day-break, and asked several questions of the Arabs, but they were all too busy to reply. Some of the band had returned in the night with new booties, which they were sharing; they, however, permitted him to depart, which he was extremely anxious to do from a tumultuous band of robbers dividing their prey; and he proceeded on his journey more absorbed than ever in melancholy reflections.

LXIII. THE FISHERMAN.

At some leagues from the castle of Arbogad, Zadig found himself on the banks of a river; and as he considered himself to be the most miserable of beings, he beheld a fisherman lying on the shore, his trembling hand was scarcely able to sustain his net, which he seemed to neglect; while raising his despairing eyes to heaven he thus complained:

“ I am certainly *now* the most wretched of mankind!—I have been universally esteemed as the most celebrated merchant for cream cheeses in all Babylon, and I was ruined! I was blessed with the loveliest wife that a man in my station ever possessed, and I have been betrayed! My humble dwelling was all that I had left, and I have beheld it pillaged and destroyed! I took refuge in this cabin, where I have no other resource but fishing, and I cannot catch a single fish! O my net! I will throw thee no more into the river—I will throw *myself* into it and lose my sorrows!”

He arose—Zadig caught hold of him just as he was precipitating himself into the stream, and cried with the consoling voice of compassion, “ Forbear, my friend, canst thou be as miserable as I am?”

A companion in affliction seems to lessen our own sufferings; so says Zoroaster, not from a principle of ill-nature, but because the unfortunate require a friend who can feel for them from sympathy; the gaiety of the happy seems to insult an agonized heart

while mutual sufferers, drooping in despair, endeavour to support each other, as two feeble trees by clinging together sustain themselves in a storm.

After a short pause, Zadig said to the fisherman, "Why dost thou sink thus under thy misfortunes?"

"Because I have no resource. I dwelt respectably at Derlbac, a village near the city of Babylon, and, assisted by my wife, made the best cream cheeses in the empire. The queen Astarte, and the famous minister Zadig liked them extremely; I had supplied their households with six hundred cheeses. I went one day to receive the money for them, and heard that the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I had never seen the minister; I ran directly to his house, hoping the report was false. I found the guards of the grand Desterham ransacking the house by a royal licence with great loyalty and ceremony. I then flew to the queen's kitchen; there I heard from one that she was dead; from another that she was imprisoned; and from a third that she had


made her escape; but they all assured me that I should never be paid for my cheeses. I went with my wife to the Lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and solicited his protection in my distress; he granted it to my *wife*—he refused it to *me*! She was fairer than my cream cheeses, and a bloom-bright as the Tyrian die animated that fairness! Charmed with her beauty, Orcan detained my wife, and caused me to be driven from his house. I wrote to my beloved a letter of despair; she said to the bearer, ‘I have some knowledge of the man who has written this; I have heard him praised for making excellent cream cheeses. He may send me some of them, and my people shall pay him.’ In my distraction I was resolved to apply for justice. I still possessed six ounces of gold.

“I went to a lawyer; he demanded two ounces of my gold for his advice, the procurator two for undertaking the cause, and the secretary of the first judge received the last two for his fee. The process was not commenced, and I had already expended

more than my cheeses and my wife were worth. I returned to Derlbac with the design of selling my house to enable me to regain my wife. My house was honestly worth sixty ounces of gold; but my neighbours knowing that my poverty obliged me to sell it, resolved to make a good bargain. The first to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces, the second twenty, and the third *ten*. Bad as these offers were, I should in my despair have accepted of the worst; but the Prince of Hyrcania did not give me time to conclude the treaty, for devastation preceded his steps to Babylon, and my poor dwelling was plundered and consumed!

“ Despoiled of *all* which I had possessed, I wandered to this spot, and with my net endeavoured to procure subsistence; but I have caught no fish, they conspire with mankind to destroy me; I am starving, and but for thee, my noble comforter, I should have expired in the river.”

“ And knowest thou not the fate of queen Astarte?” asked Zadig, who had several times interrupted the fisherman’s narrative



by the same question, so anxiously impatient was he to hear what alone seemed to interest his heart. The fisherman replied,

“ I know nothing more, my lord, than that neither the queen nor Zadig has paid me for my cream cheeses, that Orcan has taken away my wife, and that I am in despair!”

“ I hope thou wilt be paid for thy cheeses. I know something of Zadig ; he is an honest man, and if he returns to Babylon, according to his wish, he will not let thee lose by him. As to thy wife, who is not so honest, take my advice, and seek not to regain her. Proceed immediately to Babylon, inquire for the noble Cador, and tell him thou hast seen his friend. I shall most probably arrive there, being on horseback, before thee ; if not, await my coming at his house ; thou wilt not, perhaps, always be unhappy.”

Zadig gave him half the gold which he had brought from Arabia ; the fisherman fell at his feet, and kissing them with grateful affection, exclaimed, “ Thou art the angel of consolation!”

Zadig, greatly moved by the fisherman's transports, cried, " O! powerful Oromazes! thou deputed me to console this man, but whom wilt thou depute to give me consolation?"

The tears rolled down his cheeks; the fisherman, very much surprised, said— " Alas! my lord, canst thou be unhappy who art able to confer benefits?"

" Yes, my friend, a hundred times more wretched than thou art; thy distress is caused by poverty, mine by heart-felt anguish!"

" Ah! has Orcan taken away *thy* best beloved?"

This question made Zadig start; it called back time—Orcan had robbed him of Semira! from which period he re-traced the events of his life to the present moment; he then said to the fisherman, " Orcan deserves punishment, but in general such as he is are favoured the most by Fortune. Go thou to the Lord Cador's, where we shall meet."

The fisherman walked cheerfully along a

foot path, blessing his good fortune; Zadig rode slowly on, lamenting his sad destiny.

LXIV. THE BASILISK.

When Zadig arrived at a beautiful meadow, he observed a number of females searching very diligently for something in the grass. He took the liberty of asking if he could assist them in their search.

“ O no !” replied a fair Syrian, “ what we are seeking for can only be caught by a woman.”

“ And what can that be over which women alone have such power ?”

“ It is a basilisk.”

“ May I be permitted to ask why thou seekest for a basilisk ?”

“ It is for the Lord Ogul, our master, who dwells in yonder castle on the banks of the river which you see at the bottom of the meadow. We are his slaves. The Lord Ogul is very ill, and the physician has ordered him to eat a basilisk stewed in rose-

water; and as it is a rare animal who will suffer itself to be taken only by a woman, our lord has promised to choose for his favourite the slave who is so lucky as to carry him a basilisk. Detain me no longer from the search, I beseech thee, since I shall be such a looser if my companions should be more fortunate."

Zadig left the fair Syrian to pursue the search with her fellow slaves, and continued his way along the meadow. When he drew near a river, another female, apparently of a majestic form, reclined on the grass; she was covered with a long white veil, and instead of seeking for a basilisk, she leaned pensively over the bank and was tracing characters on the sand with a little wand while she uttered sighs of anguish.

Zadig chose not to interrupt her; he stood silently behind her, watching the movement of the wand; a Z was just finished, an A followed, he was surprised—a D appeared; he trembled—his name was completed!—Amazement deprived him of motion and of utterance—at length, with a voice scarcely articulate, he said:

“ O generous lady! pardon the presumption of an unhappy stranger who wishes to know why the name of Zadig is traced by thy fair hand? ”

The lady started at the voice—she threw back her veil with a trembling hand, gazed at Zadig, and, overcome by the various emotions of her heart, uttered some faltering expressions of surprise, joy, tenderness and fainted in his arms.

Zadig embraced Astarte! for the *first* time embraced the queen of Babylon, whom he adored! whom he had so lately thought it a *crime* to adore—for whom he had shed so many tears—for whose fate he had suffered agonies. She was in his arms!—he could scarcely preserve his senses. As he gazed on the pallid Astarte, she recovered; her looks expressed tenderness blended with confusion. Zadig exclaimed,

“ Immortal powers! who preside over the destiny of human beings, have you indeed restored Astarte to me? Ah! at what a time! in what a place! and alas! in what station do I behold her!”

He threw himself on his knees before the queen of Babylon, he kissed her feet. She gave him her hand, and made him sit down by her on the bank of the river.

Frequently she wiped her eyes, but the tears flowed as frequently. Many times she attempted to speak, and sighs continually stifled her words. She at last asked Zadig what lucky chance had restored them to each other; but prevented his answer by more interesting questions; she evaded the recital of her own misfortunes until she had heard those of Zadig. When the tranquillity of their minds was in some degree restored, Zadig gave the queen a concise account of what had happened to him since he received her note, and concluded with this question: "And now, O amiable queen! tell me by what unfortunate events I find thee alone in this meadow, habited like the slaves of Ogul who are searching for a basilisk?"

"While they pursue their search I will inform thee of all my sufferings; at which I

will no longer repine since Heaven has restored thee."

LXV. THE MISFORTUNES OF ASTARTE.

“ That fatal night when the king my husband resolved to destroy us both, and Heaven enabled me, through the means of my faithful dwarf, to preserve the most amiable of men, who for being so was doomed to death by his sublime majesty ; thy friend Cadour, the moment after he had compelled thee to obey me, ventured into my apartment by a secret way, and conveyed me, at the most silent hour of midnight, out of the palace. He then conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where his brother the magi immediately inclosed me within the Colossean statue, the base of which is fixed in the foundation of the temple, and the head touches the dome. There I was entombed, but was attentively supplied with every thing necessary by the magi. At day break, it seems, the deadly cup was brought

into my apartment, and a bow-string of blue silk into thine. The victims were flown.—Cador, to secure us both, informed the king that thou hadst fled to the Indies, and I towards Memphis. I was described to those who were sent to Memphis, as I had never appeared before the guards without a veil, and just at the frontiers of Egypt the couriers found a woman, wandering alone, who seemed to answer the description; convinced that she was the queen of Babylon, they brought her to Moabdar.

“ The king was at first enraged at their mistake, but was soon pacified on observing the lady, whom he found extremely beautiful. She was called Missouf, a name which in the Egyptian language signifies, *the capricious beauty*, as I have been informed, and indeed it suited her character. By her art and caprice she gained such an ascendancy over Moabdar that he made her his queen, and then she discovered her real disposition, and indulged her whimsical imagination. She commanded the chief magi, who was very old and gouty, to dance before her,

and, because he refused, persecuted him with unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her master of the horse to make a tart of sweetmeats for her ; in vain he assured her that he was not a pastry-cook, she insisted on his making the tart, and, because it was a little burned in the oven, dismissed him from his post of master of the horse, and appointed her dwarf to succeed him in that office ; she also made one of her pages the lord chancellor of Babylon, and thus she governed that great city. I was greatly regretted.

“ The king, who until his fatal jealousy had always acted like a sensible man, suffered his fondness for that capricious fair one to overcome all his good qualities. On the festival of the sacred fire, he came to the temple ; I heard him implore the gods for Missouf before the statue in which I was concealed. I said in a loud voice, ‘ The gods reject the vows of a king when he becomes a tyrant, who would have murdered a reasonable wife, and who is the slave of a capricious, extravagant woman.’ Moabdar was so amazed at the words of the oracle

which I had pronounced, that his head became confused, and soon after, the tyrannical conduct of Missouf deprived him of his senses. The madness of Moabdar appeared to be a judgment from heaven, and was the signal for a revolt. The people took up arms, and Babylon, so long indulging in luxurious ease, became the scene of civil war and horror.

“ I was liberated from the statue, and placed at the head of a party. Cador flew to Memphis to fetch thee back to Babylon. The Prince of Hyrcania being informed of the revolt, embraced that fatal opportunity, advanced with his army, and attacked the king as he was escaping with his Egyptian Missouf, who fell into the hands of the conqueror, when Moabdar expired pierced with many wounds.

“ My ill fate decreed that I also should be taken by a party of Hyrcanians, who carried me to their prince, with whom was Missouf. Thou wilt be flattered to hear that the prince thought me handsomer than the Egyptian; but alarmed, I am sure, to be in-

formed that I was destined for his seraglio. Reflect on my misery: death had dissolved my marriage bonds with Moabdar—my heart was Zadig's, and I was the fettered slave of a barbarian! His expressions were free and disgusting—I conducted myself as a *queen*—he treated me like a *slave*. He ordered a black eunuch to take every care to improve my beauty, and render me worthy the honour of being his favourite when he had finished his military affairs. I told him that I would prefer death to the *honour* he had mentioned. He told me, with a provoking smile, that he was accustomed to violent expressions, and knew the sex too well to mind them; he then gave me in charge to his slave as a man would send a parrot to his aviary. What a disgrace for the first queen in the universe! nay, more, for Astarte who loved Zadig!"

Zadig threw himself at her feet—he bathed them with tears of gratitude—Astarte tenderly requested him to re-assume his seat, and hear the sequel of her adventures. He obeyed, and she proceeded:

“ I found myself in the power of a barbarian, and the rival of Missouf, with whom I was confined. She related her adventure in Egypt, and described thy conduct and person so exactly, that I was convinced thou hadst been her champion, and were at Memphis, to which city I resolved to repair if I could escape; I said, ‘ Beautiful Missouf, thou hast far more wit than I have, and will be a more entertaining companion to the prince of Hyrcania; assist me to effect my escape, and reign the sole favourite of thy royal master.’ Missouf readily complied with my wishes, and I departed secretly with an Egyptian slave.

“ When I arrived near Arabia, I was seized by a famous robber, named Arbogad, who sold me immediately to a merchant, by whom I was brought to yonder castle and purchased by its possessor, the lord Ogul, who knows not my rank. He is a perfect voluptuary, who seems to think that he was created merely to sit at table and indulge his appetite; he is always in danger of suffocation from his extreme corpulency. His

physician, who rules him when he suffers from indigestion, has assured him that a basilisk stewed in rose-water will be an effectual remedy ; you know the reward of the fair slave who finds one, and I, not being ambitious of the honour, declined the search, and had the felicity of meeting with thee."

LXVI. THE SEQUEL OF THE BASILISK.

A long conversation between Zadig and Astarte succeeded her narrative ; all the sentiments so long suppressed, all that their misfortunes and their love could inspire in hearts so noble and tender, was expressed without restraint ; and the genii who preside over lovers wafted every word to the sphere of Venus.

The women returned unsuccessful to the castle of Ogul, before whom Zadig presented himself, and thus addressed the corpulent lord :

" May immortal health descend from heaven to guard thy life ! I am a physician,

and hastened to thee the moment I heard of thy indisposition. As I cannot have the honour of being thy bride, I request for my reward the liberty of a Babylonian slave who has been in thy castle but a few days; and I consent to remain thy slave for ever if I have not the happiness of restoring health to the most noble Lord Ogul.”

Ogul immediately liberated Astarte, who set out for Babylon, attended by the domestic of Zadig. She promised to send couriers continually, to inform Zadig of all which might happen. Their parting was not less tender than their meeting. It is written in the great book of Zend, that the moments in which lovers meet, and those in which they part, form the most interesting periods of their lives. Zadig loved the queen with all the ardour he professed, and the queen loved Zadig more than she chose to tell him.

When she was gone, Zadig went to Ogul, and said, “ My basilisk is not to be eaten, my lord, all the virtue of it must enter through the pores. I have inclosed my basi-

lisk within a ball covered with fine skin. Every day, at certain times, we must throw this ball from one to the other until thy cure is completed, which it will be very soon."

The first day he began this exercise Ogul was fatigued, and almost breathless. The second day he suffered less from the fatigue, and slept better; and in eight days he recovered the strength, agility, health, and cheerfulness of his youthful days.

Zadig said, "Thou art cured, my lord, by temperance and playing at ball. Nature never formed a basilisk; but moderation and exercise have restored thy health; yet the hope of enjoying it whilst indulging in voluptuous ease is as chimerical as the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, or the theology of the magi!"

The first physician of the lord Ogul, sensible that such a man as Zadig might destroy the medical art, conspired with the apothecary of the household to send Zadig to seek for basilisks in the other world. Thus was he always doomed to suffer for doing good. *Now*, for curing a gluttonous lord, he was

destined to be poisoned in the second course of an elegant dinner to which he was invited, but a courier arrived from Astarte during the first course, and he set out for Babylon before the second course was brought in; proving the words of Zoroaster, who says, “ when a man is beloved by a beautiful woman, he obeys her in preference to all the world.”

LXVII. THE COMBATS.

The queen had been received in Babylon with those transports of joy which usually attend the return of a beautiful queen who had been exposed to misfortunes. The kingdom, at her arrival, was in a state of tranquillity; the Prince of Hyrcania had been slain in a combat. The victorious Babylonians declared that their queen should marry him alone whom they thought worthy to be her husband. They resolved that the first person in the world, the King of Babylon and the spouse of Astarte, should

not be the choice of private interest or of cabal, but they solemnly vowed to choose for their king the most valiant and the most wise.

A tournament was appointed, and lists marked out a few leagues from the city. Elegant amphitheatres adorned the lists; the combatants were to repair thither completely armed, and each had a separate apartment behind the amphitheatres, in which they were to remain concealed until the time of action, when each was to encounter four knights, and all who had overcome the four were to engage with one another; he who remained at last master of the field, was to be proclaimed conqueror at the games.

Four days after, the victor was to return, accoutred in the same arms, and explain the enigmas proposed by the magi; if he failed he was not to be chosen King of Babylon, and the games were to re-commence until they found a knight equally wise as valiant to deserve that honour. During the preparations, the queen was to be strictly guard-

ed; only permitted to be present at the games, covered with a veil, but not to speak with any of the competitors, that neither favour nor injustice might inspire jealousy.

Astarte informed Zadig of these particulars, and flattered herself that to obtain her he would evince more valour and wit than any of the competitors. He quitted the castle of Ogul to obey the summons, and prayed that Venus would inspire him with courage, and enlighten his understanding. On the evening preceding the great day, he arrived on the banks of the Euphrates; he caused his device to be inscribed among those of the competitors, and reposed in the chamber which fell to him by lot.

Cador, after searching for him in vain throughout Egypt, was returned to Babylon, and conveyed to Zadig a complete suit of armour and the most beautiful Persian horse. He knew they were the gifts of Astarte, and that thought inspired him with new fortitude and new hopes.

The next day, when the queen was seated beneath a canopy adorned with jewels, and

all the persons of distinction in Babylon, of both sexes, had arranged themselves in the amphitheatres, the combatants appeared in the circus, and each laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot; Zadig's was the last. The first who advanced was a very rich lord, named Itobad, more vain than courageous, awkward in his manners, and weak in his intellects; his servants had persuaded him that a man like him ought to be the king; he replied, "Yes, a man like me ought to reign." He was immediately accoutred in golden armour enamelled with green, the ribbons which adorned his lance and his plume were also green.

By the ungraceful management of his horse, every one perceived that a man like him was not destined to wield the sceptre of Babylon.

The first knight who engaged with the Lord Itobad dismounted him; the second threw him back, with his head on the crupper of his horse, his arms extended, and his heels in the air; he recovered himself

from that ridiculous posture with such an ill grace that all the spectators laughed aloud. The third knight made one pass at him, and then, disdainng to use his lance, he took Itobad by the right leg, whirled him half round, and threw him on the sand; the attendant esquires ran to his assistance, but could scarcely re-seat him for laughing. The fourth combatant threw him over by the left leg in the same contemptuous manner. The esquires conducted him to his apartment, where, according to the rules, he was to pass another night; as he hopped along, for he had hurt one of his feet, he was treated with derision and hisses; at which he said, "What usage for *a man like me!*"

The other knights acquitted themselves more honourably. Prince Otamus overcame four combatants, as did Zadig, who fought last, in the most graceful manner. Otamus was distinguished by blue and gold armour, and blue feathers. Zadig's armour and pulme were white. The two victorious knights were now to try their skill against

each other; the wishes of the spectators were divided between the heroes. The queen, with a palpitating heart, invoked heaven to prosper the white knight.

The two champions managed their lances with such grace and skill, they sat so firmly on their saddles, and maintained the contest so equally, that all the spectators, except the queen, wished there could be two kings of Babylon. When their horses became weary, and their lances were broken, Zadig suddenly wheeled round, threw himself off his own horse upon the crupper of his adversary's, dismounted the prince, and galloped swiftly round the circus, while the spectators cried, "Victory! Victory! for the brave white knight!" The prince, recovered from the shock, drew his sabre. Zadig leaped from the steed, and unsheathed his also.

They met—they began a new combat, in which skill and agility triumphed by turns on either side. Their plumes were cut to pieces, their armour flashed fire at every stroke, and seemed to shiver into atoms.

They advanced, closed, and entwined like serpents—they separated, and then met again with the fury of lions. At length Zadig, by an unexpected movement, threw Prince Otamus off his guard, he fell, and was disarmed. He said, “ O brave white knight! thou art worthy to reign over Babylon!”

The queen was transported with joy. The two knights were conducted by the esquires to their apartments behind the amphitheatre. Dwarfs were appointed to attend them; and it may be easily imagined that Astarte sent her faithful little mute to wait on Zadig. The wearied knights were then left to enjoy repose until morning, when the conqueror was to lay his device before the grand magi, and to make known his name and quality.

Zadig, although a lover, was so fatigued that he slept profoundly. The cowardly, but ambitious Itobad, was situated in the next apartment to Zadig, and contrived in the middle of the night, to take away Zadig’s white armour, and leave his own in the

place. At day-break he accoutred himself completely, and at the proper time proudly presented the device of Zadig to the grand magi, and said, "I am Lord Itobad, and it is only a man like me who could have been the conqueror."

Itobad was the *last* person whom they could suspect to be the white knight; however, according to the rules, they were obliged to proclaim *him* conqueror, while Zadig was still in a profound slumber.

Astarte quitted the amphitheatre abruptly, and in amazement and despair returned to Babylon; the spectators also departed before Zadig awakened. He beheld, instead of his own *white armour*, the gift of his adored queen, the cowardly knight's *green armour*, which he was compelled to wear, having nothing else left to cover him. Astonished and provoked, he put it on in a rage, and quitted the apartment.

He was received with contempt and hisses by all who remained in the amphitheatre and circus. He was surrounded and insulted to his face. Never did man suffer more un-

deserved mortifications. His patience was exhausted ; he dispersed the people with his sabre. He could not see the queen—he could not reclaim the white armour which she had sent him, lest he should compromise her in his troubles ; therefore, while she was plunged in sorrow and disappointment, he, in a state of mind bordering on distraction, wandered along the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded he was destined to inevitable misery, as every event of his life had proved, from his meeting with Semira to the loss of his white armour. He said, “ Why did I sleep ! had I kept awake, I should have been proclaimed worthy the crown of [Babylon—worthy Astarte ! My knowledge of the sciences, my courage, my pure and ardent love, serve only to make me the more wretched.—O ! fatal, involuntary sleep ! ” In his heart he was almost tempted to accuse Providence for suffering capricious destiny to depress the brave, and exalt the cowardly owner of the detestable green armour ; which, that it might not expose him again to contemptuous treatment, he

sold for a trifle to a merchant, of whom he bought a robe and cap, and continued his course by the Euphrates, absorbed in despair.

LXVIII. THE HERMIT.

As Zadig was walking along the shore, he met a hermit, whose snow-white beard reached to his girdle; the venerable man was reading attentively a book which he held in his hand. Zadig made him a reverential bow, which the hermit returned by a salutation so noble and interesting, that Zadig was anxious to converse with him, and asked him what book engaged his attention.

“The book of destiny; dost thou wish to peruse any part of it?” said the reverend man, giving the book to Zadig; who, learned as he was in many languages, could not understand a single character, which disappointed him exceedingly.

“Thou appearest to be very unhappy, my son.”

“ Alas! good father, I have continual causes for misery !”

“ Let me walk with thee ; my conversation may be useful. I have frequently poured the balm of consolation into the agonized soul.”

Zadig was inspired with more than common respect for the hermit ; his air, his beard, and the book he held demanded veneration. In his conversation Zadig found the sentiments of an enlightened mind. He spoke of destiny, justice, and morality, of an omnipotent ruler, and of mortal weakness ; he displayed the virtues and the vices with such energetic and affecting eloquence, that Zadig felt himself attached to the venerable instructor by an irresistible impulse, and earnestly entreated permission to walk with him until their return to Babylon.

The hermit said, “ I was just going to ask the favour of thy company for a few days ; but thou must swear by Oromazes not to quit me during our short pilgrimage, however strange my conduct may appear to thee.”

Zadig confided in his venerable companion; took the required oath, and they went on together.

LXIX. OSTENTATION.

In the evening the travellers arrived at a magnificent castle. The hermit requested a hospitable shelter for himself and his young friend during the night. The porter, who might have been taken for a lord, admitted them into the castle, and presented them, with a sort of disdainful civility, to a superior domestic; he led them through the most superb apartments to the banqueting hall, where sat the lord of the castle at a table profusely covered with costly food; the travellers were placed at the lower end, and plentifully served like the other guests without being honoured with the least attention from the donor of the feast. They were presented with water in basons of gold adorned with rubies and emeralds, and then conducted to an elegant chamber. In the

morning, a domestic brought each of them a piece of gold, and the travellers departed from the castle.

When they had walked to a short distance Zadig said, "The owner of that superb castle, although extremely haughty, performs the duties of hospitality with the greatest liberality."—He paused—he trembled, for in the hermit's scrip he beheld one of the basons of gold and gems, which, from the motion of walking, discovered its splendid rim above the scrip. Zadig was shocked, and amazed that the venerable hermit should be a thief, but he recollected his oath, and was silent.

LXX. PENURIOUSNESS.

About noon they arrived at the door of a very mean looking house, which the hermit told Zadig was the abode of a rich miser; an old servant in ragged garments answered the hermit's humble request to afford them a resting place during the sultry hours by

sullenly conducting them into a small stable, where he set before them a few rotten olives, a morsel of mouldy bread, and some sour beer in a broken pitcher.

The hermit seemed to eat and drink with as much satisfaction as he had done the night before, and addressing himself to the old servant, who remained in the stable lest they should steal any thing, and who was rudely anxious for their departure; he said, giving him the two pieces of gold they had received at the castle; “ We are obliged to thee, my friend, for thy kind attention, and I request thee now to introduce me to thy master, with whom I wish to speak.”

The ragged servant, amazed at the pieces of gold, conducted them to his master. The hermit said, “ Magnificent lord! I am come to render thee my most humble thanks for thy noble hospitality to us; deign to accept this golden bason set with jewels as a trifling token of my gratitude.”

The miser was ready to faint with surprise and joy; but the hermit, without

waiting for his recovery, departed with Zadig.

“ Venerable father,” said Zadig, “ what am I to think of thy conduct? Thy actions appear quite contrary to those of mankind: from a nobleman who entertained thee with splendid hospitality thou hast stolen a bowl of immense value, and thou hast given it to a miser for treating thee in the most wretched manner.”

“ My son, the lord of the castle received strangers solely for the purpose of making an ostentatious display of his treasures; he will *now* become more prudent; and the miser will, in future, be more hospitable. Follow me, and be not surprised at any thing.”

Zadig was not certain as yet whether his companion was the simplest or the wisest of mankind; but the hermit preserved such an ascendancy over Zadig that if he had not been bound by an oath, he should have followed him.

LXXI. MEDIOCRITY.

Long after the sun was set, the travellers perceived a neat house, pleasantly situated, which neither promised the superfluities of prodigality, nor threatened the penury of avarice. The owner of this simple mansion was a philosopher, who retired from the world to cultivate, without interruption, the virtues and the sciences most essential to mankind ; such as would excite, not deaden, the feelings of the soul. He had taken a delight in building that house for the conveniency of strangers, and he received them in it with the sincerest hospitality.

He came out to meet the travellers, and conducted them into a commodious apartment, where he requested them to repose themselves awhile, and returned in a short time to invite them to a repast which displayed neatness and plenty. He conversed with great judgment concerning the revolutions which had lately happened in Babylon,

and sincerely wished that the good minister Zadig had appeared in the lists to contend for the crown: "But, alas!" he added, "mankind do not deserve a king like Zadig!"

Zadig changed colour—he felt all his troubles renewed. They agreed in the conversation that worldly events do not always correspond with the wishes of the just. The hermit said, that the allwise designs of Providence were inscrutable to man, who was wrong to judge of a *whole* of which only the smallest part could be perceived. They then spoke of the passions. Zadig exclaimed, "Alas! how fatal are the passions!"

The hermit replied, "They are the winds which swell the sails of the vessel; when too violent they overset her, but without them she cannot sail. The bile causes choler and indisposition, yet it is necessary for the existence of the human frame."

Pleasure was the theme. The hermit said, "Pleasure is a divine gift; a man cannot give himself either sensations or

ideas, he receives all from the Divinity, even pleasure and pain, with his existence."

Zadig wondered how a man who acted so strangely could converse so excellently. After passing the evening in the enjoyment of entertaining and instructive discourse, the philosopher conducted his guests to their chamber. He blessed Heaven for sending him two companions so wise and amiable, and offered them some money with such a noble frankness that even pride could not have been offended. The hermit declined it, and took leave, informing their kind host that they must depart for Babylon before day-light. Their parting was affectionate; Zadig, in particular, felt himself greatly attached to such a friendly and sensible man, and when he had quitted the apartment, the hermit and Zadig bestowed many encomiums on him.

At the earliest dawn the hermit awakened Zadig, and said, " We must depart, and while all in the house are asleep, as I mean to leave the worthy owner a proof of my friendship." He immediately took the light

and set fire to the house! The terrified Zadig, uttering cries of horror, endeavoured to prevent the cruel deed; but the hermit forced him away by a superior power.

When they were gone from the house some distance, the flames burst from all parts, and the hermit, calmly beholding the conflagration, said, "Thank Heaven! the house of my dear host will be destroyed from top to bottom! Fortunate man!"

Zadig felt inclined to laugh at this wild speech at first; then to reproach, or even to strike the inhospitable incendiary, or at least to fly from him; but he felt restrained, and, still subjugated to the ascendancy of the venerable father, he followed him against his will to another asylum.

LXXII. THE WIDOW AND HER NEPHEW.

The travellers were hospitably received by a virtuous and charitable widow, whose only hope and comfort was her nephew, a lively and beautiful boy, just fourteen.

The widow entertained her guests with the best her house afforded, and graced her table by her modest and agreeable manners. She ordered her nephew to accompany the travellers the next morning to the bridge, which, having been broken very lately, was become dangerous without a guide. The young lad, eager to oblige, led the way. When they were on the bridge, the hermit said, "Come here, young man, I must shew my gratitude to thy worthy aunt."

The smiling boy approached the hermit, who immediately seized him by his flowing hair, and threw him into the river! The blooming boy sunk beneath the stream, then re-appeared a moment on the surface, and was—lost in the torrent!

"Oh! thou monster! thou most inhuman villain!" exclaimed Zadig, interrupted by the hermit, who said, "Thou hast forgotten thy promise to be patient. Know, Zadig, that underneath the ruins of that house, consumed by the decree of Providence, the truly generous owner has found an immense treasure: know also, that the

young lad, decreed by Providence to be drowned, would, in one year, have murdered his amiable aunt, and *thyself* the year after."

"Who told thee so, barbarian? When didst thou read that in thy Book of Fate? can it order thee to drown a child who has not injured thee?"

LXXIII. THE TRANSFORMATION.

Zadig ceased to interrogate the hermit—amazement kept him silent—he beheld no longer the venerable beard and hermit's humble garb! The face of his companion bloomed in youthful charms, and four resplendent wings waved over his celestial form! Zadig, bending before him, exclaimed, "Divine angel! Heavenly messenger! hast thou descended from the empyrean to teach a feeble mortal submission to the decrees of Providence?"

The angel Jesrad answered, "Man presumes to judge of *all*, without comprehend-

ing *any thing*; thou art the most worthy among men to receive divine instruction."

"Since I am permitted to speak before thee, deign to answer me one question. Would it not have been better to have given that boy good advice, which would have rendered him virtuous, than to drown him?"

"If he had been virtuous, and lived, he would have been murdered, together with his wife and child, in a few years."

"Yet tell me, for I distrust myself, are misfortunes and crimes necessary? and that *misfortunes* should frequently attend the *best* persons?"

"The wicked are *always* miserable. The misfortunes of life are trials by which the virtuous *few* are proved, and there is no evil which does not produce some good."

"But if there was no evil? if all was good?"

"Then this world would be another world; the chain of events must be altered by divine wisdom; perfection would reign *here* as in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, which evil cannot approach. The

Creator hath formed myriads of worlds, which resemble not each other, nor do the leaves of the trees; and this inconceivable variety, both in heaven and on earth, even all which thou must observe on this atom where thou wert born, have their variety, their order, and their fixed times, and proclaim the immutability and omnipotency of the Creator, who governs the whole.

“ It is supposed that the boy fell into the water by chance; that the house caught fire by chance; but there is not any thing left to *chance*. All things are decreed by the Omniscient, for a trial, a punishment, or a reward. Recollect the fisherman, who believed himself to be the most wretched of mankind; the divine Oromazes sent thee to his relief. Cease then, weak mortal, to argue against a Power whom thou shouldest adore.”

“ But—”

“ The angel interrupted Zadig by ascending swiftly toward the tenth sphere. Zadig, prostrating himself on the earth, adored Providence with devout submission.

The angel hovering in the air, said, "Direct thy steps immediately to Babylon."

LXXIV. THE ENIGMAS.

Zadig, who seemed to have been in a trance, almost insensibly took the road which led to Babylon, and entered that city on the very morning when the knights who had fought at the tournament were assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace to explain the enigmas, and answer the questions of the chief magi. The green knight alone was missing.

When Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded around him; their eyes gazed on him with delight, their lips blessed him, and their hearts most ardently wished that he were to be the king of Babylon. The envious Arimazes beheld him; he trembled, and turned away. The people seemed to bear him in triumph to the palace. The news of his arrival flew before him to the queen, who became agitated between hope

and fear. When he appeared, her anxiety was scarcely supportable; she could not comprehend why Zadig should be without the white armour, and Itobad wear it. A confused murmur of surprise and joy arose in the assembly at the sight of Zadig.

When he was informed that, as he had not fought, he must not take his place among the knights, he said, “*I have fought*, but a knight here present wears my arms. Until I can have the honour to prove the truth of my assertion, I request the permission of offering myself to explain the enigmas.”

His request was put to the vote, and his reputation for probity was still so strongly impressed on their minds, that not a voice was against him. The chief magi immediately proposed this enigma:

“What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extensive, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be performed, which devours the little and re-animates the great?”

Itobad being to speak first, as the supposed conqueror, replied: "A man like me despises such foolish trifles; it is sufficient for me to conquer by force of arms and courage; I understand not these childish riddles."

One said the enigma was Fortune, another the Earth, and a third the Light.

Zadig said, "I think it must be Time: nothing is so long, because it reaches to eternity; nothing is so short, when we wish to complete a work; nothing can creep slower when we are expecting, or fly more rapidly when we are enjoying pleasure; nothing is more divisible, or can be more extensive, more neglected, or more regretted when lost; nothing can be done without it; Time swallows all that is unworthy to reach posterity, and immortalises all that is great and wise."

The assembly agreed that Zadig was right. Several other enigmas were proposed, and Zadig alone could solve them. Itobad said constantly at every solution; "I knew it was *that*; nothing can be easier,

I should have said so myself, but it would debase *a man like me*, the dauntless conqueror of five brave knights, to expound riddles."

The magi now proposed questions on justice, the supreme good, and on the art of governing a kingdom. The answers given by Zadig were pronounced to be the best. The people could not help saying among themselves that it was a great pity a man of such judgment should be so cowardly a knight. Zadig, coming forward, gracefully addressed the whole assembly in these words:

" Reverend magi, and illustrious lords, I have the honour of being conqueror in the lists. The white armour is mine. The lord Itobad stole it from my allotted apartment while I was asleep; thinking, perhaps, that it would sit easier on him than the green, which he considerately left for me. I am ready to prove *now*, before this august assembly, habited as I am, and armed only with my sword against that complete white armour, which the present wearer took from

me, that it was I who had the honour of vanquishing the brave Prince Otamus."

Itobad accepted the challenge with confidence; he had not the least doubt, being so completely armed, of overcoming a champion in a gown and cap. Zadig drew his sabre, and saluted the queen; who regarded him with joy and hope, blended with apprehension. Itobad drew his sabre, and without saluting any one, advanced very boldly, flourishing his sabre as if he intended to strike off Zadig's head; but his unarmed antagonist was too skilful not to parry his random strokes. Zadig received the sabre of Itobad so firmly on his own that it was broken, and the unworthy wearer of the white armour overthrown. Zadig, holding his sword near the breast of Itobad, told him he must have the armour or his life. The disgraced knight quietly suffered himself to be unarmed, and only wondered that *a man like him* should be overcome by one who fought in nothing but a gown and cap.

When Zadig was once more completely accoutred in his beautiful white armour, to

which Cador confirmed his right, he threw himself at the feet of the queen. By unanimous consent Zadig was acknowledged King of Babylon; and Astarte, after all her troubles, now tasted the truest of felicity. Her amiable lover was universally beloved, he was found worthy to share with her the throne of Babylon.

LXXV. THE CONCLUSION.

Itobad was forced to be contented with being called a *lord*, and ruling in his own house. Zadig was *king*, and was *happy*; he had impressed on his mind all the lessons given him by the angel Jesrad; he remembered also the grain of sand which became a diamond. The queen Astarte and himself adored with humble and grateful hearts the all-wise Providence.

Zadig left the beautiful and capricious Missouf for the Prince of Hyrcania, or for whom she pleased. He sent for Arbogad, the Arabian robber, gave him an honourable

post in his army, and promised to advance him to the highest rank if he behaved like a noble warrior, but threatened him with a disgraceful death if ever he acted as a robber.

Setoc was called from the Deserts of Arabia, with his fair Almona, and Zadig placed him at the head of the commercial affairs of Babylon. Cador was rewarded and beloved according to his services; he was the friend of the king, and Zadig was the only monarch, at *that* time, in the whole world, who was blessed with *a friend*.

The little mute was not discarded by As-tarte and Zadig, but always considered as their preserver. The fisherman had a pretty house given to him, and Orcan was condemned to give him back his wife and to pay him a large sum; but the fisherman was grown wise; he took the gold, and left his wife with Orcan.

The beautiful Semira never forgave herself for so hastily marrying Orcan, in the belief that Zadig would be blind of one eye; and Azora continually lamented her folly in

attempting to cut off his nose. Zadig a little softened their sorrows by liberal presents. Arimazes expired with envy, shame, and rage.

The empire enjoyed glory, peace, and plenty ; like another golden age, she was governed by Justice and by Love. All his subjects blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed Heaven.

LXXVI. REMARKS.

If Voltaire did not take the *whole* of Zadig from oriental writings, he certainly selected many things from them, which he has with great ingenuity interwoven with the work, to give it additional beauty and interest. The Persian Tales were first translated from the original language into French by M. Petis de la Croix ; and Voltaire makes the conduct of Almona, the Arabian widow, when she endeavours to engage the priests to grant the pardon for Zadig, greatly resemble that of the fair Arouya, when she

goes to request the doctor, the *cadi*, and the governor of Damascus to pay the sequins which they owe to her husband, the merchant Banou. The Arabian priests behave to Almona as the other grave personages do to Arouya, and the fair widow makes her assignation with the priests, and plans their public disgrace nearly in the same manner as the wife of Banou does with her *respectable* admirers.

Doctor Goldsmith, in his *Life of Doctor Parnell*, says, “ But the poem of Parnell’s, best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. Pope, speaking of this, in those manuscript anecdotes already quoted, says, *that the poem is very good. The story*, continues he, *was written originally in Spanish, whence, probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it.* However this may be, Dr. Henry More, in his *Dialogues*, has the very same story; and I have been informed by

some, that it is originally of Arabian invention."

As Parnell died before Voltaire was much more than four-and-twenty years of age, the hermit in *Zadig* must have been most probably written *last*, and undoubtedly possesses every advantage over Parnell's, beautiful as his appears without having read the other; but surely the venerable form which the angel Jesrad assumes, added to the mysterious book which he put into the hand of *Zadig*, were calculated exactly to impress awe, and to influence a youthful mind; while reversing the characters, and making the handsome youth be the agent of Providence, and the old hermit the powerless witness of deeds which age should have corrected, has not the nature, nor the interest of Voltaire's; and the beautiful contrast in the transformation from hoary age to celestial youth is far more striking than for a handsome boy, with a fair complexion, and hair waving in soft and graceful ringlets, to unfold on a sudden the radiant wings of

an angel, which was all the change requisite previous to *his* ascension. Parnell has, notwithstanding any comparison which may be drawn between the two, made a very beautiful and interesting poem, which will never cease to be read and admired both by age and youth. Voltaire has made his hermit such an interesting and instructive part of a story, which possesses so rich a store of entertaining variety that it can never weary the reader who will follow the hermit with the perseverance of Zadig. The incidents in the history of Zadig flow in such rapid succession, that there is scarcely time to admire one interesting circumstance before another follows still *more interesting*; it is a collection of anecdotes, political, philosophical, religious, moral, and entertaining; and might be fairly called a ZADIGIANA.

THE HURON;
OR,
PUPIL OF NATURE *.



LXXVII. THE MEETING.

“ Saint Dunstan, an Irishman by birth, and a saint by profession, was standing one day upon a small mountain, which, disengaging itself from the Irish shore, bore him rapidly to the coast of France, and entering the bay of St. Maloes, stopped until he landed. The saint then blessed the mountain, which took its leave with a profound reverence, and swam back to its original station.”

Saint Dunstan, to commemorate his miraculous voyage, laid the foundation of a

* Abbreviated in many parts.

small priory, which still bears the name of the Mountain Priory, in which the above record is kept.

One fine evening, in July 1689, the Abbot Kerkabon, prior of our Lady of the Mountain, went to walk with his sister on the sea shore. The prior was in the decline of life, beloved by the neighbours for his good doctrine, sobriety, and temperance. He was a tolerable proficient in theology, and when he had meditated with St. Augustin, he scrupled not to amuse himself with Rabelais.

His sister, Mademoiselle Kerkabon, although unmarried, perhaps against her will, at forty-five, was good-natured and sensible, of a gay disposition, yet was a devotee to her religion. Her person was short and fat, her complexion rosy, and her eyes small. The prior, looking steadfastly at the sea, said sorrowfully :

“ Alas ! it was here that our dear brother and his wife embarked, and set sail in the Swallow frigate for Canada, just twenty

years ago. If he had not been killed, he might have been *now* here with us."

" True, brother ; but do you really believe that the Cherokees have eaten our poor sister, as was reported ?"

" If they had not, she would have returned to France."

" She was a lovely woman ! I shall never cease to lament her fate !"

" Our brother, too, was a sensible man ; he would have made a fortune."

While they were thus affectionately lamenting for their lost relations, a small vessel sailed into the bay of Rence, with merchandize from England : the crew leaped on shore without regarding the prior or his sister, who was shocked at their rudeness.

A well-made youth darted from the ship over the heads of his companions, and appeared suddenly before Mademoiselle Kerkabon, and saluted her with a civil motion of his head. His figure was interesting ; a close dress displayed the symmetry of his form ; he wore no stockings, and sandals in-

stead of shoes; his head was uncovered, and a profusion of long hair hung in beautiful curls upon his shoulders; his air was martial, and the expression of his countenance extremely engaging. In one hand he held a bottle of Barbadoes water, and in the other a small can and a bag of sea-biscuits. He spoke French very intelligibly, and offered the sister and brother some of his Barbadoes water; he drank with them, and conjured them to drink again with such an air of native simplicity, that they were charmed with him, and asked who he was, and whither going.

He replied, " I am a Huron; I was impelled by curiosity to visit the coast of France; and having done so, mean to return. I know not where to go for the present."

The prior invited him to supper, he cheerfully complied, and they walked toward the priory. The short, round, rosy, smiling Mademoiselle Kerkabon gazed with her little eyes on the young and handsome

Huron, quite enchanted with his polite behaviour to her, and said apart to the prior,

“What a tall, genteel lad! Lilies and roses are blended in his complexion! Then his skin is so smooth for a Huron, is it not, brother?”

“Yes, sister, you are very right.”

The lady then asked many questions of the stranger, who answered very pertinently.

The arrival of the stranger was no sooner known than the priory was crowded with genteel company. The Abbé de St. Yves, who came with his sister Eliosa, the bailiff and his wife, and the farmer-general with his, staid supper. The Huron was seated between Mademoiselle Kerkabon and Eloisa de St. Yves, who was a beautiful and well-educated girl. The company not only all fixed their eyes on him, but questioned him all together. At first he seemed to have adopted the motto of Lord Bolingbroke, *Nihil admirari*; but at length wearied with the clamour, he said, in a serious yet engaging manner,

“Gentlemen, one person speaks after another in my country. I know not how to answer so many interrogators, as I cannot hear them distinctly.”

They were silenced. Reasoning always makes people reflect—for a *moment*. The bailiff, noted for making a property of foreigners, wherever he found them, and who was the most inquisitive man in the country, first opened his very wide mouth, and said,

“Pray, Sir, what is your name?”

“Sincerus, and the English said it suited my disposition, which impels me to speak as I think and act as I like.”

“But being born a Huron, pray, young man, how came you to be in England?”

“Because I was carried thither. The English took me prisoner, after I had made all the resistance in my power. They love brave people, for they are as brave and as honest as the Hurons, and offered me liberty to return to my family, or to sail with them to England. I chose the latter, having an inclination to see the world.”

“ What ! and inhumanly abandon your poor father and mother ? ”

“ Alas ! I never knew parental care. ”

The company, very much affected, exclaimed, “ Ah ! poor orphan ! ”

The lady of the ceremonies said to the prior,

“ Brother, we will not let the interesting Huron miss his parents. ”

With the glow of pride and gratitude Sincerus assured the generous lady that he wanted not the assistance of any one. The bailiff said,

“ How happens it that you, being a Huron, speak such good French ? ”

“ When I was a boy, my countrymen took a French prisoner. I became attached to him, and he taught me his language. I found it easy to learn, because I liked it. When I arrived at Plymouth I met with a French refugee, whom you, they say, call a Huguenot. He improved me in your language ; and when I could express myself intelligibly I came to see your country, and

like the French very well, when they do not ask too many questions.”

The Abbé de St. Yves not minding the hint, asked him which of the languages he liked best.

“The Huron.”

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Mademoiselle Kerkabon. “I thought the French was the finest language in the world, after that of Lower Brittany.”

The ladies then asked him, the Huron, for many words, which he told them politely. The prior fetched a Huron grammar from his library. It had been given to him by a famous missionary. He eagerly examined the book, found the words Sincerus had told them, and with joy and affection acknowledged him to be a *true* Huron. The company then turned the conversation on the multiplicity of languages; and they agreed that if it had not been for the fatal Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken *French*. The bailiff, who had conceived strong suspicions con-

cerning the foreigner, grew quite civil now he was *proved* to be a Huron.

Eloisa de St. Yves asked with sweet simplicity, how people made love among the Hurons.

“By performing great actions to please those females who resemble you,” replied Sincerus, with great animation.

Eloisa blushed, and felt delighted. Mademoiselle Kerkabon blushed also, but it was not the blush of delight, for the gallant speech had not been addressed to her; yet she was too good-natured to be long displeased with the Huron, and asked him abruptly how many mistresses he had in his own country.

“I never had but one, who dwelt near the abode of my dear nurse. The reed is not straighter, the ermine whiter, an eagle more courageous, a stag swifter, or a lamb meeker, than was my Abacaba. One day, as she pursued a roebuck, a base Algonquin, just as she had gained the roebuck, took it from her. I was informed of the

deed, overtook him, and with one blow of my club laid him on the ground, and dragged him to the feet of Abacaba. Her parents would have eaten him; but I, feeling great horror at such unnatural food, gave him his liberty, and made him my friend. My Abacaba approved the action; she preferred me to all her lovers; and how she would have loved me still! but, alas! she was wounded by a bear in the chase, and died! I slew the bear, and wore his skin: that was poor comfort. I have never been happy since my Abacaba was slain."

Eloisa dropped a tear at the affecting manner in which Sincerus related the fate of Abacaba, yet she felt a secret joy in her heart that he had not an existing favourite, although she scarcely knew why; and she greatly enjoyed the praises bestowed on him for his generous conduct in regard to Algonquin.

The tormenting bailiff now began to be inquisitive again, and asked what religion he professed, whether that of the church of England or the Roman catholic.

“ I profess a religion of my *own*, as well as you do.”

Mademoiselle Kerkabon, lifting up her hands and eyes, cried,

“ Blessed Lady of the Mountain! the English heretics have forgotten to baptize him !”

Eloisa exclaimed, “ Saints and angels! is it possible? Is it possible that the amiable Haron should not be a Roman catholic! I thought the holy jesuits had converted all the world!”

“ The natives of America have never been converted. There is not a word in our language to express inconstancy.”

Eloisa smiled. These words made a deep impression on her heart. The prior said gravely, “ We will baptize the young man !”

“ Yes, my dear brother, you shall have the honour of baptizing him; the Abbé de St. Yves shall present him at the font, and I will be his godmother. It will be a fine ceremony, and talked of, to our honour, all

over Lower Brittany. Yes, yes, we *will* baptize him."

The company agreed with the lady, and echoed, "Yes, yes, *we* will baptize him."

The Huron did not seem to like the proposal, and said, with more gravity than common,

"In England, every honest man may live as he pleases. The religion and laws of Huronia are as good as those of Lower Brittany. I will set sail for my own country to-morrow."

As the bottles were empty, the company retired, and the Huron was conducted to a chamber. He did not require the luxury of a bed: he spread the blankets on the floor, threw himself upon them, and slept profoundly.

LXXVIII. THE MINIATURES

Sincerus did not imitate those who repose on the bed of indolence until the sun had performed half his course, and then complain that life is too short, after wasting so many precious hours wilfully in death-like sleep. He arose, as was his custom, with the earliest dawn, traversed three leagues of the country, and brought home fifteen brace of birds, which he presented to the prior and his good sister, whom he found in their nightcaps, walking in the Priory garden.

After they had thanked him gratefully for the game, he took a small packet from his bosom, and giving it to the prior, said, "My nurse tied this around my neck, and told me if I wore it I should be happy. It is the only treasure I am possessed of; take it, wear it as I did, and let me make you happy."

The prior and his sister smiled at the

good-nature, but pitied the ignorance of the Huron. The prior examined the packet: it contained two miniatures. His hands trembled; he changed colour, and falteringly exclaimed, "By our Lady of the Mountain! my sister, these are the portraits of our brother and his wife!"

"Gracious heaven! they are the very same which my dear brother and sister used to wear! I remember them well! O, brother!—"

She could say no more. The Huron was surprised when he saw them weep over his present as if they were in the greatest distress. They asked him, both together, by what means his nurse had obtained those pictures. He replied,

"I have heard my nurse say that her husband had obtained *them* and *myself* too by the right of war. The pictures he found when stripping some French people of Canada who had made war against us. I know not any thing more of the matter."

The prior said, "It must be so. My

brother and sister were never seen after the war with the Hurons in 1669: they had an infant son: the Huron nurse has been a mother to my nephew! Thou art my brother's son, whose life must have been preserved by thy kind nurse!"

They embraced him alternately: they wept over him, while Sincerus could scarcely forbear laughing to think that a Huron should be the nephew of a prior of Lower Brittany. As they returned to the house they met the Abbé de St. Yves and his charming sister. The abbé was a physiognomist, and found, upon examination, that there was a striking resemblance in the eyes and forehead of the Huron and those in the lady's portrait; and in his nose, mouth, and chin in the gentleman's; therefore pronounced him to be the son of the originals, without a doubt. Eloisa de St. Yves was also convinced by the resemblance that he was indisputably the nephew of the good prior and the amiable Mademoiselle Kerka-bon; and Sincerus said,

“ Well, since *you* say so, it shall be so, for I have no objection to have such a good-natured uncle and aunt.”

The prior went to the church of Our Lady, to return thanks for his nephew, who being very hungry, staid in the house and made a hearty breakfast. The English who had brought him over came to ask if he were ready to go on board, as they must set sail shortly. He said,

“ I suppose you must, if you have not found *your* uncles and aunts here, as I have. You must sail without me. I am nephew to the prior, and shall not want my clothes : you may keep them.”

The sailors gave him a hearty cheer, and set sail.

After the prior had caused *Te Deum* to be sung in the church, the company assembled ; and when surprise, joy, and tenderness were once more exhausted, the prior and the abbé agreed that the son of Captain Kerkabon should be baptized immediately ; until they recollected that a youth, twenty years of age, ought not to

be brought to the font, like a new-born infant, in a state of perfect ignorance. It was necessary to give him some instruction, which the abbé feared he might not comprehend, as he had not been born in France. The prior replied,

“ Although this young gentleman, my nephew, was not so fortunate as to be born in France, yet, Monsieur l’Abbé, we have no reason to suppose that the offspring of my brother the captain and Madame Kerabon can be deficient in understanding. In truth, his conversation displays uncommonly fine intellects for one not bred in Lower Brittany. Pray, my dear child, what books hast thou perused ?”

“ All the books which the captain had on board his ship : Rabelais in English, and Shakespeare’s plays. I can repeat many passages from those, because they entertained me greatly.”

“ And did you understand those books ?”

“ I must confess that I comprehended only some parts, not the whole.”

“ Humph !” cried the abbé to himself,

“ that is reading as I do, and, I believe, the generality of men. You have read the bible, no doubt.”

“ Never, Monsieur l'Abbé. There was no book so called among the captain's, nor have I heard it mentioned until now.”

“ Poor boy ! poor boy !” exclaimed Mademoiselle Kerkabon. “ This is so like the English heretics. They think more of their Shakespeare, plumb-pudding, and strong beer than they do of the Penta-teuch.”

The prior proposed sending for the most fashionable tailor in St. Malo. The inquisitive bailiff called in and presented his son, an awkward, stupid boy, just come from the college, to the fair Eloisa, who scarcely deigned to look at him, so disgusting he appeared to her after seeing the handsome and polite Huron, to whom, when she departed with her brother, she made the most respectful courtesies, without noticing the young collegian.

LXXIX. THE SPONSORS ASSEMBLED; THE
INFANT MISSING.

The prior, beginning to feel the infirmities of age, rejoiced that Providence had bestowed on him the consolation of having a nephew, to whom, if he could prevail on him to be baptized, and enter into orders, he would soon resign his benefice.

Sincerus possessed strong intellects, an extraordinary memory, and a lively comprehension. Perhaps his faculties might be the more brilliant, from not having been fatigued with the formality of scholastic learning, nor weakened by the variety of infantine fooleries with which the children in most parts of Europe are indulged. His earliest sports were athletic. Inured to air and exercise, he grew robust and agile, and the pure health of his body gave clearness to his mind. The prior brought him the New Testament, and told him to read it with attention, previous to his baptism.

Sincerus read with avidity: he *felt* as he read the divine precepts, and the sufferings of the Saviour; his soul adored the patient victim, and abhorred the persecutors. He asked his uncle where he could find the merciless wretches who destroyed so good a man.

“ I will avenge his cruel death, my uncle, and slay his murderers!” exclaimed the Huron, glowing with rage.

The prior, charmed with his zeal, informed him of the period when that great event took place, and said all he could to strengthen the ardour of his dawning christianity.

Sincerus could soon repeat the sacred book, and frequently puzzled his uncle by his questions. The prior would consult the Abbé de St. Yves, who being equally embarrassed, brought a jesuit of Lower Brittany to perfect the conversion of the Huron, who made many mistakes in regard to the ceremony of baptism, and argued rather obstinately with the three priests concerning it for some time. At length he submitted;

and gave up his *first* opinion. They then proved the necessity of confession. This was difficult. Sincerus said the apostles had not confessed, and why should he. The prior showed him the words in the Epistle of St. James the Minor, "Confess your sins to one another." The Huron was silent, and suffered himself to be led to the confessional. A strict Franciscan was in the chair. When Sincerus had confessed after the usual form, he whirled the monk out of the chair, and placing himself in it, said,

"Come, my friend, now it is your turn. Down upon your knees, and confess all your sins to me, I have told you all *mine*, and you know we are to confess to one another; so you shall not stir until I have heard your confession."

The monk, whom he forcibly compelled to kneel, believing himself in the hands of a madman, roared out lustily, and brought the prior and several priests into the church, where they beheld the catechumen quarrelling with the alarmed Franciscan in the name of St. James the Minor. The prior

made peace by informing his nephew of the dignity of the church and her priests.

The bishop of St. Malo was chosen to perform the ceremony of baptizing the Huron, and flattered by the compliment, arrived in all his pontifical state, attended by a train of priests. The ladies, particularly Mademoiselle de St. Yves, took remarkable pains with their dress, that they might shine while paying their devotions on that solemn occasion. The officious bailiff came with his family and all his friends. The church of the Mountain Priory was superbly decorated for this grand festival: the sponsors, the witnesses were all assembled: but when the Huron was summoned to attend at the baptismal font, he was not in the assembly!

In vain was he sought for in the Priory and on the grounds; in vain did the company disperse to search for him in the neighbouring woods and villages, on the supposition of his being gone out, according to his usual custom, to kill game. His relations feared he had sailed for England, and

trembled for the soul of their dear nephew. The indignant bishop threatened to return to his palace ; the prior and the Abbé de St. Yves were in despair ; Mademoiselle Kerka-bon wept incessantly ; the fair Eloisa shed no tears, her anguish was deep and silent.

LXXX. THE BAPTISM.

As the prior, the abbé, and their sisters were walking disconsolately among the reeds and willows on the bank of the river Rence, they beheld a human figure in the stream, standing upright, with the arms crossed over the breast, while the wind sported in a profusion of beautiful ringlets, by which they knew it to be Sincerus. The gentlemen ran to the brink, and asked why he staid in the river, while they were waiting for him in the church. He replied,

“ And I have been waiting here in the water above this hour, and no one came to baptize me. Pray make haste, or I shall be quite numbed.”

“ My beloved nephew, this is not the manner in which we baptize in Lower Brittany. Put on thy clothes quickly, and come with us.”

The ladies hastily retired among the willows while the Huron dressed himself. When they joined their brothers and Sincerus they found them in a high dispute concerning the font and the river.

“ You may put babies in the stone bason if you will, but you cannot put me there. I *will* be baptized in the *river*, or not at all.”

The bishop condescended to persuade him that he ought to comply with what the clergy thought right ; but he persisted in observing the good book his uncle had given to him. Mademoiselle Kerkabon recollected that her nephew had a greater partiality for Eloisa than for any other person in Lower Brittany, and paid her more attention than he did even the bishop ; she therefore entreated her to speak to Sincerus on the subject. Blushing with joy at her supposed consequence, she went to ex-

ecute her important commission with flattering hopes of success. She took his hand with the most engaging modesty, and said with a captivating smile,

“ Amiable Sincerus, you will oblige me infinitely if you will comply with the wishes of all your respectable friends, and be made a christian according to the custom of our country.”

“ To please *you*, Eloisa, I would be baptized in blood or fire. Command me; I will do any thing that you request.”

Blushing still deeper, she led him to his aunt, who told him, to reward his compliance, Mademoiselle de St. Yves should be his godmother. Her brother and his uncle were his godfathers. The ceremony was performed immediately. He would not relinquish his name of Sincerus for any other, but the prior prevailed on him to add that of Hercules, which was equally applicable to his corporeal strength as the other to the frankness of his disposition.

After the christening, the guests took their seats at a well-covered table, where

wine inspired wit, mirth, and gallantry. Sometimes the jokes flew round at the expence of Hercules the *infant*, and his young and beautiful godmother. The bailiff, ever inquisitive, asked Sincerus if he were faithful to his promises.

“ When Mademoiselle de St. Yves is answerable for me, can any one doubt my fidelity ?”

Animated by the wine he had drank to that fair lady’s health, he said many gallant things; and when they were to separate after dinner, taking her hand, he exclaimed,

“ O, if this hand had thrown the water on me, the drops would have inflamed my heart !”

This appeared too poetical a phrase to the bailiff and some others in company, but the sensible Eloisa thought it charming.

LXXXI. THE LOVERS.

It cannot injure the delicacy of Eloisa to say that she formed a secret wish that the next festival kept at the Priory might be in honour of her nuptials with her amiable godson. She was lively and tender, sensible and modest. Love had made an irresistible progress in her heart since she had seen the Huron, yet her words, looks, and actions were adorned by the captivating graces of innate modesty, and exposed not too glaringly the emotions which agitated her breast.

When the bishop went away, the company dispersed. Sincerus and Eloisa, in taking a walk, met by *chance*, and without *design* the theme of their conversation was love. The ingenuous Huron declared that he loved Eloisa with his whole heart, far better than he had ever loved his Abacaba, who, he said, was certainly the loveliest creature he had seen in Huronia, but

not to compare to his godmother in Lower Brittany, and hoped she would not be more unkind to him than his poor Abacaba. Eloisa, with her usual discretion, told him that he must first speak to the prior and to his good aunt, and also to the abbot her brother, and if *they* approved of the attachment, *she* could make no objection. Sincerus had no idea of the necessity of consulting with any one but the object of his choice ; her approbation was sufficient for him.

Eloisa was forced to exert all her good sense in this argument, and alternately chide and soothe her impetuous lover ; yet had not succeeded in convincing him of the duty and respect which young people like them owe to their relations when the Abbé de St. Yves came to take her home, as the day was declining. Sincerus retired immediately to his chamber, and passed half the night in writing verses on the charms of his adorable Eloisa. He wrote them in the Huron language ; for in every country lovers are poets.

LXXXII. OBSTINACY.

The next morning, after breakfast, in the presence of Mademoiselle Kerkabon, the prior thus addressed himself to Sincerus :

“ Thanks be to Heaven ! thou art now, my beloved nephew, a respectable christian in Lower Brittany. I am growing old ; thy father the captain has left thee but a small estate ; my Priory is valuable : take orders, and arise to the honour of being a sub-deacon, and I will immediately resign my Priory to thee, and thou wilt live quite at thy ease, and be the consolation of my declining age.”

“ My dear uncle, may you long enjoy your health and the Priory ! As to my being a sub-deacon, and for you to resign, they are out of my comprehension at present : but every thing will be agreeable to me when I am married to Eloisa de St. Yves !”

“ Married ! heaven forbid ! Surely, my beloved nephew, thou art not in love ! ”

“ Yes, I am, my good uncle, to distraction. ”

“ Alas ! thou canst not marry : it is impossible ! ”

“ Indeed, uncle, it is *very possible*, because my Eloisa loves me. I mention it to you now, in order to oblige her, as she said it was dutiful to mention such things to our relations ; therefore I assure you, my good uncle and aunt, that I will certainly marry Eloisa. ”

“ Boy, boy ! I tell thee it is *impossible*. She is thy godmother, and it is contrary to the laws, human and divine. ”

“ There is not one word against a man’s marrying his godmother in the book you gave me. I think it is very strange, after telling me what you did of that excellent book, that the people of Lower Brittany should act so contrary to every thing which is written in it. Such inconsistency both astonishes and displeases me ; and if being baptised in your way prevents me from

marrying Eloisa de St. Yves, I will carry her away to another country, and be unbaptized that she may be my *wife*, and not my *godmother*, for have her I *will*."

The prior was confounded; his sister wept: at length, wiping her eyes, she said,

" My dear brother, something must be done for our poor nephew, we must not let him run to perdition; his holiness the pope can grant a dispensation for Sincerus to marry Eloisa, and then he will be happy with the girl he loves in a christian-like manner."

" My dear aunt, tell me where I shall find this indulgent man, who will permit young persons to be happy, even against the laws human and divine, and christenings, and every thing which stands in their way, here in Lower Brittany? where does he dwell, that I may fly to him for the gracious dispensation instantly?"

The prior checked his impatience by giving him a long account of the supremacy and infallibility of the pope.

The astonished Huron said, " Now, my

dear uncle, you know there is not a word of this amazingly great man in your *book*, and do not imagine that I, who know what it is to brave the winds and waves, will leave my Eloisa, and sail four hundred leagues to ask an Italian, to whose language I am a stranger, whether *he* will give me leave to marry my godmother, because it is a great *crime* against the laws *human* and *divine*. This appears to me so absurd! The Abbé de St. Yves lives only *one* league from hence, I will go first to him, and marry Eloisa before night."

As he was hastily quitting the room, he met the bailiff, who, of course, asked him where he was going?

"To marry Eloisa de St. Yves;" replied the Huron as he passed swiftly.

Mademoiselle Kerkabon said, "Ah! my dear brother, our nephew will never be a sub-deacon!"

The bailiff was extremely disconcerted at what he had heard, and the Huron's expedition; as he had resolved on obtaining the beautiful Mademoiselle de St. Yves for

his son, who was a more insupportable fool than the bailiff himself.

LXXXIII. THE IMPETUOUS LOVER.

Sincerus arrived at the abode of his beloved in so short a time, that, as it was yet early, she had not left her chamber; he flew by the old servant, and awakened Eloisa with an ardent kiss. She started and exclaimed,

“ Gracious heaven! Ah! is it *actually* thou, Sincerus? What dost thou do here so early?”

“ I am come to marry thee, my beloved Eloisa.”

“ Well, but, my dear Sincerus, leave the room for the present. Hast thou seen my brother?”

“ No, Eloisa, but why art thou so unkind as to repulse me so coldly? Thou dost not love me! My poor Abacaba was not so cruel! Eloisa, didst thou not promise to marry me? Wilt thou not keep thy word? Ah no!

thou breakest the first law of honour! O! return my love with mutual ardour!"

The abbot was only in the next room; Eloisa called him; he appeared that moment, and expressed great surprise at seeing the Huron in his sister's chamber.

Eloisa said, " Brother, our good friend is come to consult with you concerning an affair of consequence."

Sincerus, much against his will, was obliged to follow the abbot into another chamber, and to listen to a long lesson concerning propriety, dispensations, notaries, contracts, witnesses, and priests, which the abbé assured him were all indispensable previous to his nuptials with Eloisa.

Sincerus said, " Truly, Monsieur l'Abbé, you must have a very bad opinion of your fellow creatures in Europe, to think they require such formal ceremonies to keep them faithful to the woman whom they love."

This observation rather disconcerted the abbot, who said, " I confess that we have too many libertines and deceivers among us who require those checks which were in-

vented by the prudent, honest, and enlightened, who cheerfully submit to the same rules, to soften the appearance of restraint; for the more rigid are our laws the less they give offence to virtuous minds, which require no restraint beyond their own honourable principles."

The truly excellent mind of Sincerus was convinced of the propriety of the abbot's argument, and, tranquillised by some flattering speeches, which encouraged him to hope for speedy happiness; when Eloisa appeared blooming in native charms, Sincerus met her with such sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks that they recalled her modest blushes, and made her brother thoughtful.

The Abbé de St. Yves proposed walking back with him to the Priory, but Eloisa was forced to persuade him before he would consent to leave her; and the more influence she obtained over him, the more ardently she loved him. The abbé was many years older than his sister, and her guardian also, which gave him great authority over her; he wished her to marry the bailiff's son, and

resolved to secure her from the impetuous Huron by placing her in a convent ; which design he accomplished that very day.

This severe measure would have rendered any disengaged young lady, who had been accustomed to her liberty, unhappy ; but it plunged the tenderly attached Eloisa into *despair*.

Sincerus related with his usual frankness, to the prior and his aunt, all the conversation which had passed between the Abbé de St. Yves and himself, and heard the same remonstrances from the prior, which conspired to convince his reason, but not his love.

He was just setting out to visit his Eloisa the next morning, when the bailiff again appeared, and told him with malignant joy that he need not be in such a hurry to depart from the Priory, for Mademoiselle de St. Yves was sent to a convent.

“ Then I will go and see her in the convent.”

The spiteful bailiff then set forth the rigours of such a confinement ; and when

Sincerus found that it was a species of prison, such as he had never heard of in Huro-
nia, nor in England, he became outrageous,
and declared he would go immediately to
the convent and liberate his Eloisa, or set it
on fire and perish with her in the flames.

The prior was displeased at his impious
idea; his poor aunt was terrified at the hor-
rible declaration, and said, weeping:

“Saints and angels preserve us! Instead
of becoming a devout sub-dean, I fear he
will become a devil incarnate! He cer-
tainly was possessed with heretic fiends
when in England; and even baptizing him
in Lower Brittany has not driven them out
of him. O! my poor lost nephew!”

LXXXIV. THE VICTORY.

Wrapped in mental gloom, Sincerus bent
his way toward the sea coast, armed with
his hanger and his double-charged fusee.
Now and then he shot a bird, yet felt more
inclined to shoot himself; but hope com-

bined with his affection for Eloisa, and checked his hand. One minute he was ready to execrate the prior and his aunt, because they would not prevail on the abbé to give him Eloisa, the next he blessed them fervently because they introduced her to him; he would go immediately and consume the convent; then paused at the dreadful idea of destroying the treasure of his soul. The waves, on which he fixed his eyes, were not more agitated by the winds than was his mind by contending emotions.

He was roused from his painful ideas by hearing a drum beat an alarm; he lifted up his eyes, and discovered at a little distance the people in great commotion; some were running from the shore, apparently inter-ror, and the militia were hastily making towards it; a sail of ships were advanced into the bay, and the shrieks of women re-echoed along the coast.

He presently joined the militia; the captain, an acquaintance of the prior's, met him with joy, exclaiming, "Here is the

Huron! the brave Huron! he will fight for us!"

"What occasions this alarm among you, gentlemen? are the beloved of your hearts torn from you, and confined in a convent?"

"No! no! the English are come to invade us! they are landing! do you not see them?"

"Yes, and will bid them welcome! they are a brave people, they will help me to liberate my Eloisa!"

"O! mistake not, Sir, they are not friends; they sent the vessel you came in to reconnoitre our coast, and now are come to plunder and destroy, without having declared war against France. They will consume the Mountain Priory, murder your uncle and aunt, set fire to the convents, and carry off Mademoiselle de St. Yves and all the pretty women."

"Were they to do all this without declaring war they would violate the laws of nations. It cannot be; I have lived among them for some time, I understand their lan-

guage, and will speak to them. I am sure they come not with such a vile intention."

Sincerus wanted to go on board one of the vessels, and the militia could scarcely prevent him. While he was contending with them, the English evinced their hostile intentions by exclaiming, "War with the French! down with the Mounseers! down with the nunneries! ravage the coast!"

Sincerus understood them, and cried, "Say you so, Englishmen? Then if you come like foes you shall be received as such. Courage, my friends! be calm and valiant! we will not let them effect a landing; we all have some dear treasure of our hearts to fight for, and shall fight bravely."

The gentlemen of St. Malo had come from all parts, well armed, to join the militia. The spirited American inspired them with his words and by his actions. A few cannon were placed along the shore, of which he made excellent use; every ball did execution. He killed three, and wounded another, as they were attempting to land. The French, animated by his intrepidity,

exerted their courage so effectually that the enemies were driven back to their ships, and obliged to sheer off the coast, while it resounded with victorious shouts of "Long live the king! Long live the brave Huron!"

Every one was anxious to embrace him; every one was anxious to stop the bleeding of a few slight wounds which he had received. Sighing he said to himself, "Ah! how soon would these wounds be healed if they were dressed by the soft hand of my Eloisa!" Then addressing some brave young men who surrounded him, he said, "Now, my valiant friends, assist me to rescue a lovely girl from confinement."

The ardent youths glowed with pleasure at the idea, and they would have certainly accomplished the liberation of Eloisa, if it had not been for the interference of the officious bailiff; who, after hiding himself in his cellar during the battle, crept out when it was over, to congratulate the conquerors, and arrived just in time to hear Sincerus speaking to his young friends. The bailiff was too much interested for his

son not to prevent the intended scheme, and went immediately to the commandant, who sent forth a detachment, which intercepted the youthful liberators on their way, and obliged them to go peaceably to their respective homes, and leave poor Eloisa to weep within the dismal walls of a cloister.

The prior and Mademoiselle Kerkabon caressed their nephew with tears of joy and tenderness; his uncle said,

“ I am convinced, my dear boy, that thou wilt never be a sub-deacon, and enjoy my priory; thou wilt be an officer braver even than my brother the captain, and most likely as poor.”

Here he was interrupted by his sister, who, unable to suppress a violent gush of tears, embraced her nephew, and exclaimed inarticulately, “ Yes! and he will be killed too, as my poor brother was!—See how he is wounded already!—O! my dear nephew! thou hadst better be a sub-deacon!”

He answered his aunt by shewing her a purse full of English guineas, which he had picked up on the shore; dropped, as he

imagined, by one of the head officers. This money he thought would do wonders; but his uncle persuaded him to go to Versailles, and get a farther recompence for his services, and procured him letters of recommendation from the commandant and many persons of consequence who had witnessed his bravery. His aunt even approved of this journey, as he would be introduced to the king, and be considered as a great personage in the province at his return. She and the prior added a good sum to the English purse, and he set out, bathed with his aunt's tears, half stifled by the embraces of his uncle; who, to those tender proofs of affection, added the most fervent blessings, and followed by the acclamations and good wishes of the whole district. Sincerus at his departure ardently recommended his imprisoned Eloisa to the protection of Heaven, and pleased with a resolution he had formed of asking the king to give him that amiable girl in marriage for his reward.

LXXXV. THE HUGUENOTS.

When Sincerus arrived at Saumur, he was surprised to see that city appear almost desolated, and several families preparing to forsake it; he heard, upon inquiry, that only six years before Saumur had contained upwards of fifty thousand flourishing inhabitants, and at present not six thousand. He received this information at the inn; several protestants were supping at the same table; some seemed to lament their fate in silent anguish, others trembled with passion. One man exclaimed, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, "Nos dulcia linquimus arva, nos patriam fugimus!"

These words being explained to Sincerus, who did not understand Latin, he asked, "Why do you forsake your pleasant fields? why do you fly from your country?"

"Because we will not submit to the Pope."

"Then I am sure you do not wish to marry your godmothers, or else you would

submit to him readily enough, since it is he alone who can grant you that permission."

After several frivolous questions and answers, a man set forth the grievances of the Huguenots in a sensible and pathetic manner. Sincerus soon tears for the persecutions of so many brave, industrious families, then rises with energy, "How can so great a king, whose renown has reached even *Humbly*, deprecate himself of so many hearts which would have loved him, and of so many arms which would have fought for him?"

"Alas! Sir, because, like other great kings, he suffers himself to be imposed upon. And is made to believe that every one in his Kingdom ought to think exactly as he does. And because they cannot do *that*, he has for already five or six hundred thousand mortal subjects: nay, worse, he has made them his active enemies: for King William of England has formed several regiments of these persecuted Frenchmen, who, by his toleration, might have been made

the brave defenders of their *own* king and and country.”

After mentioning a quarrel between Louis XIV. and the Pope, which had lasted many years, and arrived to a great height, the Huguenot added, “ It is certain, therefore, that the monarch of France has been, and is imposed upon, by those who injure his interest, circumscribe his power, and check the magnanimity of his heart.”

“ And who are the wretches who thus impose upon a monarch so dear to the Hurons ?”

“ The Jesuits; particularly Father de la Chaise, who is confessor to the king. May they be driven out to be wanderers upon the earth, as they have forced us to be! What misfortunes can equal ours? The cruel M. de Louvois surrounds us on all sides with rigid Jesuits and merciless dragoons !”

“ Be comforted, gentlemen, I am going to Versailles, to receive the reward due to my services; I will speak to this M. de Louvois, who I am informed makes war with

nations from his cabinet. I shall see the king, and will undeceive him. It is impossible for him not to yield to the truth, when he is made to feel it. I shall return very soon, to marry Mademoiselle de St. Yves, and shall be glad of your company at our nuptials."

Some of the Huguenots now imagined that the Huron was a great nobleman or foreign prince, who for some private reasons chose to travel to Versailles incognito. Others among them took him for the king's jester.

They formed erroneous suspicions of the ingenuous Huron, but could not penetrate the disguise of a jesuit who had sat at table with them. He was one of the spies employed by the reverend Father de la Chaise to give him information from the different countries in France; and if consequential, he reported it to M. de Louvois. The spy at Saumur wrote, and the letter and Sincerus arrived nearly at the same time at Versailles.

LXXXVI. THE HURON AT VERSAILLES.

When Sincerus was set down in the court of the royal kitchens at Versailles, he asked what time he could see the king. The attendants laughed at him ; and he, provoked at their insolence, beat them. They retaliated ; and the scene might have proved fatal, if a life-guardsmen had not interfered, and kept the scullions in proper order. The grateful Sincerus said,

“ Thank you, Sir ! You appear to be a brave man. Are you of this city ? ”

“ No, Sir, I am a native of Lower Brittany, from St. Malo.”

“ Ah ! and I am nephew to the good prior of our Lady of the Mountain. I have just beaten the English from the coast, and am come to speak to the king concerning my recompence. Be so obliging as to conduct me to his apartment.”

The soldier was delighted to meet with a man of courage from his province, and who

seemed unacquainted with the customs of the court. He told him that before he could speak to his majesty he must be presented to M. de Louvois. Sincerus said,

“ Well, then, conduct me immediately to him, and he may introduce me to his sovereign.”

“ Bless you, Sir, it is still more difficult to obtain an audience of M. de Louvois than of the king of himself: but perhaps I can get you introduced to M. Alexander, the first commissioner at war, and that may be as good as speaking with the minister.”

They repaired instantly to M. Alexander's, saw his secretary, who informed them that the commissioner was at present engaged in very consequential business with a lady of the court, and no person could be admitted. Sincerus was going to speak to the secretary, but he said,

“ I have not time to hear you. I will send my head clerk, and that will do as well. Go and wait for him in the anti-chamber.”

There they waited half an hour. Sincerus grew impatient, and said,

“What nonsense this is! By heaven, it is easier to fight against the English in Lower Brittany than to tell the ministers of it in Versailles, although it is the business of the nation!”

He then amused himself with relating his history to the life-guardsman, until the striking of a clock reminded the soldier that he must attend his duty. They appointed a time to meet the next morning, and the Huron waited another half hour in the anti-chamber, ruminating on the perfections of his Eloisa, and the dilatoriness of head clerks. At length the gentleman appeared, and Sincerus said, rather forcibly,

“Sir, if I had waited as long before I repulsed the English as you have made me wait for an audience, I assure you they would have ravaged all Lower Brittany without opposition.”

The clerk was surprised at this address, and said,

“Pray, Sir, what do you request?”

“ A reward, to be sure ; and here are the proofs of my actions.”

He put his credentials into the clerk's hand. He looked them over hastily, and then said,

“ Well, Sir, I think you may probably obtain permission to purchase a lieutenancy.”

“ What *I* purchase ? I pay money for having repulsed the enemies of France ? Must I be taxed for hazarding my life in the service of my country, while the placemen at Versailles think it too much trouble to give audiences in peaceful safety ? Sir, you cannot, surely, be in earnest ! All that I request of his majesty is, that he will *give* me a company of cavalry ; that he will order that Mademoiselle de St. Yves may be freed from a convent, and given to me in marriage. I request also to speak to him concerning fifty thousand worthy families whom I wish to restore to him and his kingdom. In short, Sir, I want to be employed and advanced : I want to be rendered useful to the country which I inhabit.”

“ And pray, Sir, who are you who talk so highly ; what is your name ? ”

“ I thought you *read* my credentials ; is this the attention you paid to them ? My name is Sincerus Hercules de Kerkabon ; my credentials tell all, except that I was christened the other day in the church of the Mountain Priory, and that I lodge at the Blue Dial.”

The clerk conjectured, like the Huguenots at Saumur, that he must be a fool, and quitted him without further ceremony, and Sincerus returned to his lodging at the Blue Dial, not very well pleased with the behaviour of the clerk.

LXXXIX. THE BASTILE.

On the day Sincerus arrived at Versailles, Father de la Chaise, Confessor to Louis the Fourteenth, received a letter from his spy at Saumur, which accused Sincerus Hercules de Kerkabon, of Lower Britany, of favoring the Huguenots, and condemning the con-

duct of the holy Jesuits. M. de Louvois also on the same day received a letter from the malignant bailiff of St. Malo, which represented the Huron to be an abandoned fellow, who had laid plans to burn the convents and carry off the pious nuns.

Sincerus, unconscious of the crimes alleged against him, walked in the beautiful gardens of Versailles until he was weary, then supped like a native of Huronia, and retired to rest with the pleasing hopes of seeing the king the next day, of being appointed to the command of a company, of receiving his Eloisa in marriage by the royal decree, and of recalling fifty thousand Huguenots to their native country, by obtaining for them the blessings of toleration. He had just soothed himself with these flattering ideas into a peaceful slumber, when he was roused by the entrance of persons into his chamber, which was presently full of armed men. It was the Maréchausée sent to conduct him to the strong castle erected by King Charles the Fifth, son to John the Second, near the street of St. Antoine, at

the Gate de Tournelle. He started up, and perceived that they had already seized his double-barrelled fusee and his hanger. They then took account of his money, and forced him into a coach.

The astonished Sincerus at first imagined he was in a dream, nor did he perfectly recover from his amazement until he found himself in the coach with three men; then giving way to a burst of rage, which inspired him with more than his common strength, he forced open the coach door, collared two of his guards, and threw them into the street: he then leaped out himself, and dragged the third with him. Unfortunately he fell; was surrounded, manacled, and once more replaced in the carriage. He said indignantly:

“Is *this* my reward for repulsing the English, and preserving Lower Britany?” then in a softer tone he exclaimed: “Oh, Eloisa! my beloved Eloisa! how wouldst thou grieve to see me in this situation, so unworthy a brave Huron! Where am I to be conveyed?”

His guards were silent. They arrived at

the Bastile, and he was carried through the passages of that gloomy abode of misery, with the profound silence with which a corpse is conveyed to the grave. They stopped at a strongly fastened door which was not *soon* opened; they entered a dismal apartment in which there was already one prisoner, to whom the chief of the Maréchausée said: "You have lived here in solitude for two years, Monsieur Gordon, I have at *last* brought you a companion."

Having said this they departed abruptly, and secured the door with all its enormous bolts and bars, thus secluding the unfortunate victims from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, and all the blessings of the world.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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